

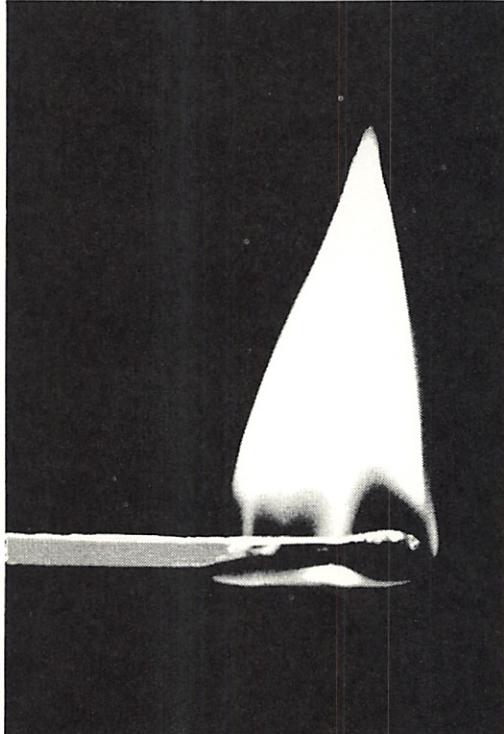
# BitterSweet

95¢

January, 1980 *The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region* Vol. III, No. 3



SPECIAL  
Winter Tour Guide



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Dear Peter~

Jan. '80

JUST last week Maw an' I took our first snowmachine ride. Levi, that's Maw's cousin, brought his over. Brand new one you know. Got it for Christmas. He showed me the brake an' gas handles. Told me not to go to slow 'cause it's hard to handle. Levi started her up, I got on, Maw hopped on the back. I revved her up. Full throttle. That machine just shook an' trembled somethin' fierce. I immediately released the brake. That danged thing went. we flew round an' round that yard doin' 'bout a hundred an' forty miles an hour. Maw was a thrashin' an' a grabbin' tryin' her best to hang on. She grabbed me right 'round the head. I couldn't see a danged thing. Course it didn't bother my steerin' one bit. I had lost control when I released the brake way back at the beginnin'. I had that snowgoer locked in the left position an' couldn't git it back. Maw finally lost her grip on my head an' flew right off. Flew through the air, just like a bird. Hit my shed, stove it completely to pieces. I fought as hard as I could. It wasn't enough. Ran right over Maw. Throw the machine off track. It hit the side of the house, flipped me off. You know those things will fly without any weight on 'em. Mighty tough too. Barn. Last time we saw it, it was a-goin' 'cross the pond, an' headed for Greenwood. You know that snow in the yard was packed down to one inch. My forty bird feeders was completely demolished. Maw's in a body cast an' Levi just sits an' cries. ~Bert.

DEAR BERT~

we got plenty of 'em bird feeders. Best darn 'sortment of sizes an' shapes you ever seen. Ayah we got all kinds of bird seed. Gitcha any weight ya want. You just git on over. while ya here, we can start plans for your new barn. Outa git on it quick. We can build you any type or shape of Pole Barn you want.

~Peter~

P.S. Have a Happy NEW YEAR from all of us.

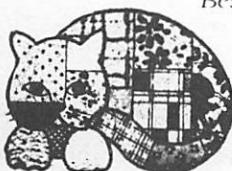


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#### CREDITS

Illustrations: Ppg. 2, 8, 12, 17, 40, Mary Wallman; Pg. 34, Britt Wolfe. Photos: Ppg. 42-45, Sandy Wilhelm; Pg. 48, Bob Hutchinson. Cover: Winter Sketch by Mary Wallman.

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Some people impart information very much as a hedge-hog sheds his quills.

# BitterSweet Views

## ASK A LOCAL BUILDER

Beginning with this issue, each month **BitterSweet** will recruit someone involved in the local building scene for answers to readers' queries. If you have a question about any facet of home construction, decoration, renovation, or repair, please send it to **BitterSweet**, RFD, Box 24, Buckfield, Me. 04220 Attn. Ask A Local Builder.

This month's question was posed to George Cooper of Bridgton's **The Sun Barrel** by us in the course of the Home Front interview, in an effort to get things going.

—Ed.

What kinds of issues should be looked at when deciding whether or not it would be cost-effective to begin converting a home to some sort of solar heating system?

First of all, you want to look at what a solar heating system would cost. In the case of a hot water system for a family of four, for instance, a unit will run about \$3,000-\$3,500 installed. With tax savings offered by the federal government of about \$900 and the present state tax credit of \$100 (a figure which may be raised to \$500 in the future)

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# BitterSweet

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# BitterSweet

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# REQUIEM FOR A ONE-ROOM SCHOOL

by Alice B. Parks

*Generations of students have received their educations in schools like the one located at the Federal Four Corners at East Buckfield. From 1834 until June of 1960 the tiny, clapboard, single-room school served as the social and educational center for local youngsters of all sizes and ages. When the doors of the building were shut for good, the closing marked the end of the era of the one-room school house in the town of Buckfield. In fact, the school was one of the last of its kind to be found anywhere in the state.*

*The smell of fresh wood must have been keen in the nostrils of the boys and girls who first filed into the building in the fall of 1834—boys through the left-hand door and girls through the right—and then walked to their respective cloak rooms to hang up their dinner pails and deposit their lunch bags.*

Through the years, generations of Buckfield youngsters received their education in the one-room school house at Federal Corners (or, as it is often called now, The Federal Four Corners at East Buckfield). From 1834 to June of 1960, youngsters of all sizes and ages, dressed in various garb, trooped through the doors of the tiny school to find their desks and await Teacher's instructions for the day.

When the doors of the building were shut for good that spring, the closing marked the end of the era of the one-room schoolhouse in the town of Buckfield. In fact, the school was one of the last of its kind anywhere in the state.

The smell of fresh wood must have been keen in the nostrils when the new school opened in 1834. Boys entered through the left-hand front door and girls through the right, walking to their respective cloak, or coat rooms, where they hung up their dinner pails and deposited their lunch bags on the shelves which lined the wall.

In the school's earliest years, students sat at double desks, kerosene lamps lighted the area, a pail of water with a long-handled dipper served as a common drinking vessel and a long, cast-iron schoolhouse stove supplied the heat.

The stove funnel ran overhead from a chimney located near the cloak rooms down the entire length of the building almost to its back wall, where it connected with the stove.

Sheet metal walls surrounded three sides of the stove, with the front left open so that firewood could be fed into the firebox. The top edges of the metal walls were a perfect place on which to drape jackets and mittens to dry during the winter.

To the right of the stove sat the woodbox, a mighty maw in which wood disappeared, to the dismay of the schoolboys whose duty it was to keep it filled. The woodshed was outdoors.

Fortunate, indeed, were the students who attended this particular school, since the outhouse was attached to the main building. Two doors at the rear of the classroom opened into covered walkways which led to two separate two-seaters, one for the girls and one for boys. This avenue of entrance protected students (and the teacher, too) from the elements. The toilet rooms themselves were further protected from icy blasts by the woodshed, which was built directly behind them. Wood ashes from the stove were poured down the four holes to form a chemical reaction which assisted in the decomposition and suppression of odors. Later, a commercial product was used to perform the ritual known as "limeing the outhouse."

Blackboards graced the front and back walls and side wall. A large dialed schoolhouse clock with a swinging pendulum hung on the side wall above the blackboard, ticking away the hours and undoubtedly watched eagerly by students as recess, lunch time, and dismissal time approached.

Changes were made to the building over the years, but plumbing for drinking water and bathrooms was never added. Single desks and seats for 22 pupils eventually replaced the double desks, which were later sold for fifty cents each. Electric lights lit up the room rather than oil lamps, and an electric clock silently counted time. An earthen crock with a spigot near the bottom

held drinking water in the girls' coatroom, where each child had his own cup. Water was carried from the nearby home of Bob Lucas to replenish the supply in the "water fountain."

Originally the doors to the school opened inward. They were later changed by carpenter Percy Jones to swing outside and hook against the building.

Around 1954, the cast-iron stove, which was started many a morning by janitor Mabel Lucas and kept going by the teacher, was replaced by an oil-fired furnace. The furnace, according to one teacher, always worked well so long as there was oil in the barrel. If the barrel should turn up empty on a cold winter's day, then an unexpected day of vacation was called. The oil furnace was installed in the boys' coatroom. For safety reasons, another door was added down near the woodbox and outhouse when the furnace was installed.

Outside, the schoolhouse was always kept painted a fresh white, with doors painted green to match the inside walls. Old Glory flew from a flag mast rising from the front peak of the roof. It was the teacher's duty to raise and lower the flag at dawn and dusk. Locust and maple trees shaded the playground and on all sides. Adjoining field

lay mint green in the spring, emerald green in the summer, waving ecru lace mats in the fall, and displaying smooth white blankets of snow in the winter.

In later years a group of residents formed the East Buckfield School Improvement League and furnished, in addition to the electric clock, a record player and records, library books, pictures for the walls, rhythm band uniforms, puzzles and games. For outdoor activities, the committee supplied swings, balls, bats, gloves, mitts and other equipment.

How strange those things would have looked to the first eighth graders who attended the school in the 19th century and how eagerly they must have been welcomed by the 20th century students when they were first introduced.

There were never school busses to transport any of the students to the Federal school. All children walked.

Every summer the schoolhouse received a thorough cleaning to ready it for another school year. The floors were oiled to keep the dust down. The stove, funnels, and chimney were stripped of their accumulations of ash and soot, smokey woodwork was washed and repair work done where needed. Desk tops were scrubbed clean of a film accumulated through the past year, and then varnished. But, the varnish failed to hide the names carefully cut into their surfaces over the years.

While school was in session, the teacher swept and dusted the building, in addition to the other duties, for a sum of fifty cents extra per week.

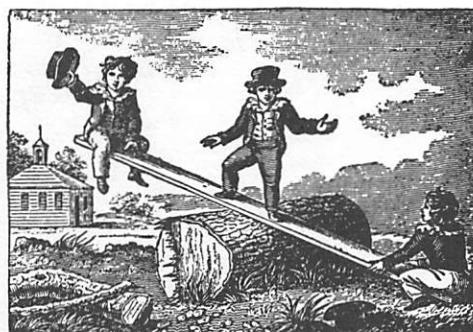
Gladys Lowell, the last teacher to teach at the school, remembers painting the walls a mint green and applying a fresh coat of black

paint to the blackboards one year. No slate blackboards hung on the walls of this country school; writing areas were what the name implies—boards painted black.

It is not known who the first teacher was in the East Buckfield school, but recorded history

tells us that on the occasion of the raising of the frame for the schoolhouse in 1834, the committee in charge of constructing the building could not agree upon a name for the school. Finally, Joshua Davis proposed calling it the Federal Schoolhouse in deference to the large number of persons of that political persuasion who lived in the area and as an especial compliment to the chairman of the committee (probably Jonathon Roberts) who was their leader and no doubt a Federalist. In later years, the building was often called simply the East Buckfield school.

Mrs. Lowell began her full-time teaching duties at East Buckfield in 1948. She taught pupils in grades primary through eight reading, writing, "arithmatic" (as it is spelled forth in the old song *School Days*), plus

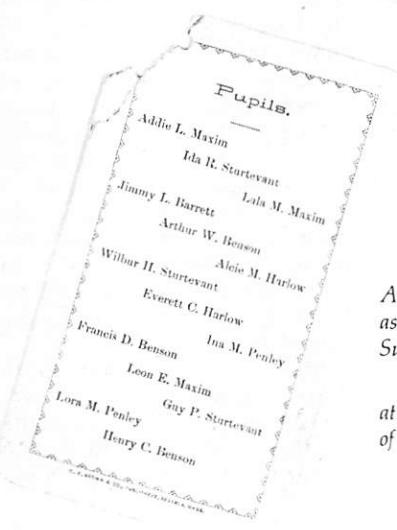
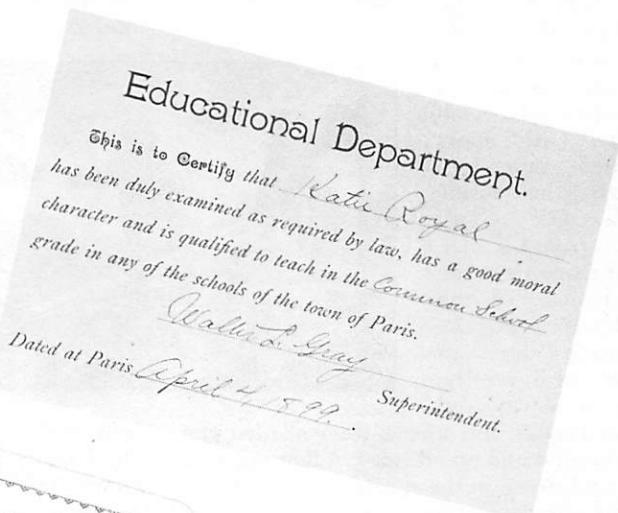
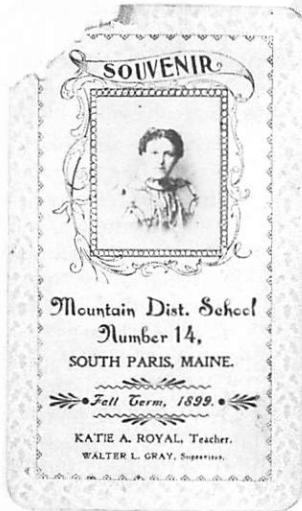


# A Teacher's Scrapbook

The following mementoes belonged to Katie Royal Joslin, the last teacher to teach at the classic old red brick school house which once stood at the foot of Streaked Mountain. The building, built in 1816 by Ebenezer Cushman, had high windows so students could not see out, and a sloping floor with the master's desk at the lowest point so that any objects accidentally dropped by students would end up at his feet. The items belong to Mrs. Joslin's granddaughter, Dorothy McFarlin of South Paris.

A month's pay: \$5.50 plus  
\$2.00 for care of the house

Miss Katie Royal,  
I have assigned you to the mountain school.  
It pays \$5.50 and \$2 for care of house  
Yours sincerely  
Walter L. Gray



Teaching certificate

At the top is the notification of Katie Royal's assignment to the mountain school in 1899, signed by Superintendent Walter L. Gray.

At left is the souvenir of a Christmas program held at the school for parents. On the cover is a photograph of Miss Katie Royal, and inside is a list of pupils.

## ALL IN A DAY'S WORK\*

### A SNAKE STORY

This story was told to the writer by Miss Katie Royal, teacher at the brick school once located in what was known as the Mountain District of South Paris.

Many of the people now living in Paris will remember the small brick school house in what is known as the Mountain District opposite the King burying yard, and near the Carroll King house. It was a very small building and the only brick school house in the town of Paris, outside of the villages of the town.

This story was told to the writer by the teacher of the school at that time, who was Miss Katy Royal of South Paris, and happened about fifty years ago.

It was in the late autumn, the days were getting cool and the children who usually carried their dinners did not go home at noon and, on that day, stayed in the school house.

The teacher, however, went to the King house which was only a little ways from the school house. When she returned from her dinner and it was time for school to begin, she found that the children were in the back part of the room, very busily engaged in their playing some kind of a game. Apparently the weather was a little too cool and they preferred to stay in where it was warm.

As she entered the school room, what was her surprise and horror to see coiled up under the front seats, six large snakes that had come into the building during the dinner hour and were apparently enjoying the warmth of the room.

As the children were all in the back part of the room, the snakes had come in through the door without being seen, and had located themselves under the front row of seats and had coiled themselves in six coils. They were apparently large snakes, spotted with white spots and probably known as Adders. There were two very large snakes and four somewhat smaller ones.

At first the teacher did not know what to do but as she was a young lady whose mind acted quickly and with decision, she knew that she must get the children out of the school house without alarming them if possible.

So, without showing any outward signs of alarm, she quietly told the children that she was going to ask them to do something that would seem strange to them, and she wanted

them to do just as she asked them to, and not ask any questions until they were out of doors.

She then asked them to get on the top of the seats and walk out to the front of the room, on the tops of the seats, and when they had come to the front of the seat nearest the door, to jump to the floor and go out of doors as fast as they could, and she would then explain why she had asked them to do so.

The children, though somewhat bewildered at such a request, and possibly thinking it some kind of a joke or a game, did as she asked them to do, and when they were all outside she asked them to look in at the door and see what was under the row of front seats. When they did this, there was no need of further explanations and both teacher and scholars were glad to be outside.

The next problem was what to do about getting the uninvited guests out of the school house and again the decision and good judgement of the young lady teacher acted promptly and she sent some of the scholars to the King house and asked for two hired men to come and kill the snakes or get them out of the school house.

The men came promptly and the snakes were promptly executed and removed, and school came to order again, but the unusual event has left a lasting impression on scholars, teacher, and the men that came to the rescue and probably some of them will remember when the snakes came to school.

Two of the snakes were longer than a yard stick and four were not much smaller, and all of them quite large—much larger than the snakes commonly seen in this part of the country. □

\*Reprinted from a 1949 edition of the *Advertiser Democrat*, written by the late George Morton, father of Henry Morton of South Paris.

---

### MORALIZATION #4

Uncoiling yarn, wire, or life

The process is the same.

Gauge the line

Play it out

Stretch in the required direction

Establish the proper tension.

JoAnne Zywna Kerr  
Weld

English, history, spelling, penmanship, geography, art and health. She also tried teaching a little music. A music teacher arrived periodically at the school and a Bible teacher, Doris Thurlow of South Paris, came and taught Bible verses and songs.

Lessons were planned about a week in advance, with reading, writing and arithmetic covered daily and the remaining subjects worked into the week's schedule. Some of the paper pass-out work was prepared by the teacher on a gelatin hectograph. The gel had to be melted and poured into a large shallow pan to set. The inked original drawing or lettering was transferred to its surface and each sheet to bear an imprint had to be pressed against the sheet of gel and then taken off. Extra copies were always made, for as soon as the transfer printing was done, the gelatin was washed off and readied for the next series.

The last superintendent of the Federal School was Mr. I. M. Hodges of Turner, an avid cigar smoker. It is said that students always received advance notice of his building visits by the smell of his old stogies.

Holidays and birthdays were always celebrated with gusto at school. The Christmas celebration was the highlight of the year. A fir tree was set up in the schoolroom and decorated with both "boughten" decorations and with students' creations. The garlands of colorful paper chains which encircled the limbs represented hours of loving labor. For safety's sake, no lights were allowed on the tree. Names were drawn and mysteriously shaped gifts in gaily wrapped packages were eagerly exchanged. The youngsters did recitations and, accompanied by Ruth Field on the piano, sang Christmas songs. Refreshments were served. Each child received a net bag filled with white popcorn interspersed with brightly colored hard candies.

Valentine's Day brought a decorated box for the valentine cards which had been chosen for certain persons and painstakingly signed. Occasionally the pupils would surprise their teacher with a birthday party.

Box suppers were often held to raise money for school needs. Mrs. Lowell recalls being told on one occasion that she cut the cake too deep at these functions and made marks in the bottom of the tin. The comment came from the owner of the cake pan.

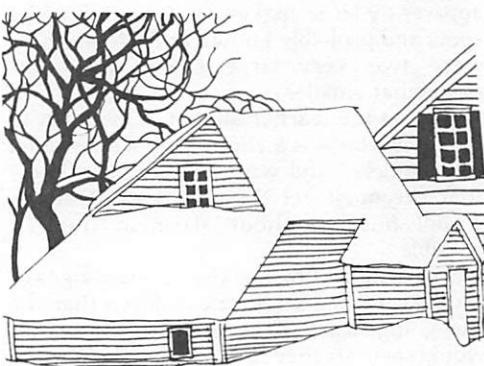
Discipline was strict. Students were expected to stay in their respective seats and hands had to be raised and permission asked before a pupil was allowed to leave for any reason. If a student was absent, an excuse was required. Disobedience was dealt with by keeping the offending student after school. Sometimes, according to Gladys, if the pupil was too far out of line, he'd be asked to write a word or a phrase on the board one hundred times.

In the summer of 1960 after the final closing of the Federal School, a get-together of former pupils, teachers, parents, relatives, and friends was arranged by Mrs. Lowell and Ruth Field. It was a joyous occasion tinged with a bit of nostalgia. The schoolhouse piano was loaded onto the back of Milton Warren's pulp truck and, to Mrs. Field's accompaniment, choruses of song filled the summer air. More than 100 former students and their friends enjoyed a noon-day picnic lunch and hear music by the ryhthm band.

Proof of the 1834 building committee's architectural knowledge and expertise is evident even today when one rides by the schoolhouse building. Now the comfortable home of past selectman Bradley Griffith and his wife, Ann, the structure has been renovated, utilities added, and the outside painted an attractive schoolhouse red, but the original lines of the building have been left intact.

And, to this day, anyone asking directions around the area is likely to be directed to "the Federal Schoolhouse at the four corners in East Buckfield" and told to proceed from there, just as they might have been told at any time during the past 135 years. □

*Mrs. Parks lives in Buckfield where she is a reporter for The Lewiston Daily Sun and in the real estate business with her husband, Norman.*



# Sweet Finds

## THE 302 TRAVELER: A Lot of Action in a Little Package

All across the country, so-called "throw-away" publications are offered to travellers and tourists as free "what-to-do-in-our-area" promotions, paid for by the advertising. The life-span of many of them is very short—maybe only a few months, just at Christmas-time, or perhaps during the height of the tourist season. In most cases, their short life is deserved because there is very little of interest inside their pages.

Over in Bridgton, however, things are being done a little differently. Editor-in-Chief Charles Simpson and his staff (listed in the masthead as Kevin Sanborn, Executive Linchpin and Molly Ray, Principal Contributing Artist) are putting out a classy little paper jam-packed with information about what's doing everywhere from Bethel to North Conway, and they have been doing it for several years.

Published regularly during the summer and less regularly during the winter, *The 302 Traveler* gives even year-round residents and old-timers a clue as to what to do in the hills and lakes region—it's a business directory, a restaurant guide, a calendar of activities, all interspersed with quick little tidbits on books and plants and area specialties. Once in a while an erudite or tongue-in-cheek comment from Simpson, like the one above, graces the spaces between the ads. A lovely photograph or two and a few special little drawings spice up the usual fare of advertising and make the publication a worthwhile thing to pick up if you're heading out along Route 302 or anywhere else in the area and want to know what's happening right now.

With quality like that, *The 302 Traveller* is a "throw-away" that people will want to keep.

N.M. □

## Can You Place It?



Last month's **Can You Place It?** was a photograph of the old Mt. Abram Hotel in Locke Mills, taken by Nettie Cummings Maxim, sometime after the turn of the century. (Incidentally, Mrs. Maxim died in 1910, not 1907 as was reported last month.) We would welcome any remembrances about the hotel.



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# Folk Tales

## THE FRIENDLY PHILOSOPHER OF BUTTON POINT

by *T. Jewell Collins*

On the second of the Five Kezar Lakes in North Waterford is a point of land called Button Point. At the tip of this peninsula is a red house dubbed "The Ranch," home of Blanche Button, widow of Bill Button, Sr., the man who developed Button Point.

Blanche, in her 76th year, lives with a purpose, and for people needing a little homespun philosophy to lift up their day, seeing Blanche in action should convince them that her method has its merits.

At the recommendation of her daughter-in-law, Ella, one of Blanche's ardent fans, I trotted along the dirt road that leads from my camp to "The Ranch" to meet the friendly philosopher of Button Point.

My presence in the dooryard aroused a chorus of honks, cock-a-doodle-do's, quacks and clucks from a host of feathered creatures in a yard between the garage and their shelter. White, brown-and-white, and gray-and-white pigeons cooed overhead. All of these fowl, I later learned, are kept to "give purpose" to Blanche's day.

I tapped on the door. Blanche called cheerfully and then appeared in the doorway. She greeted me as though I were an old friend, leading me through her kitchen with its counters laden with platters of deviled eggs, casseroles, packages of hot dogs and rolls—harbingers of a picnic to take place that afternoon.

We sat down in the living room with its large front windows and sliding glass doors leading onto a sundeck. "I'm always busy," Blanche said, showing me needlepoint being done on a pattern she created herself. "I'm happy when I'm busy." Although she disclaims any artistic talent, her many creative endeavors testify to the contrary.

On the floor are two of Blanche's hooked rugs, one an imitation oriental and the other a house and barn which I recognized immediately as being the old Win Brown place in the village of North Waterford. The Cushners live there now, Blanche told me, but Blanche and her husband Bill lived in the place for 11 years. The large brown barn

with its yellow trim now sits on the grounds of the World's Fair. "When they moved it," Blanche said, "a bottle of Coke and two glasses was settin' on a shelf in the barn, and when they got it over to the fair grounds, that Coke and them two glasses was still settin' right there. Shows what a smooth trip it was, right through McAllister's side yard."

"How did you ever get such a good reproduction?" I asked, looking at the familiar house hooked onto the burlap.

"Oh, I just copied a slide by putting a large piece of paper on the screen and drawing around the house and barn. Then I drew it on the burlap."

She said that when she was a child he wanted a carpet in her bedroom, but it was out of the question, so she painted a border of large pink apple blossoms all around the edge of the floor, creating her own imaginary carpet.

Another hooked rug, a round one with a hex pattern on a creamy beige background, hangs on the wall of her living room. Blanche finishes off her hooked rugs with a single braid around the edges of each one. She is also braiding a 9' x 12' rug for a gift. Bright oranges, warm browns and beiges, and soft yellows and golds are the colors she chose to give it the feeling of autumn leaves.

"Yes, I'm happiest when I'm busy," she reiterated. "I may watch television, but I'm always knitting, mending, shelling peas, or doing needelpoint while I watch. Come on out, and I'll show you what else keeps me busy."

She picked up a dish of peelings from the sink. Again I followed her sprightly step, this time out the back door to the hen yard where we received the same greeting I had received earlier. As soon as she threw the peelings over the fence, however, silence reigned.

"Come, see this," she said, stepping into the chicken house. She reached into a nest, 'midst the fluttering of one of the pigeons, and brought forth a baby pigeon, covered with yellow fluff like a baby chicken, but scrawnier looking. The mother settled down when she put the baby back into its nest.

Blanche pointed out her garden with its beets, beans, peas, and potatoes all growing in neat rows under the pine trees. "They could use more sun," she said, "but they seem to grow just the same." She shooed a pigeon out of the bean patch. "Come down front and see my other garden." Just up from the beach was another good-sized plot with an

assortment of vegetables, including cabbages, and a grapevine which she had just started. "My hobbies don't bring me much money, but they do bring me happiness, and that's what counts."

The garage was next on my tour. Inside, in a cage, were over a dozen quail, those blunt-tailed, round birds that call, "bob-white, bob-white" and are also known by that name. She told me that they reproduce in eight weeks, and their eggs are good to eat. The inner membrane is tougher than a chicken's so she uses a sharp knife to break it. I wasn't too sure I would care about eating quail's eggs, but Blanche assured me they were as good as hen's, just smaller. "Takes about six to equal a hen's egg," she said. Blanche dresses her own chicken and quails, and last winter she put a total of 70 in the freezer for herself and her son Bill and his wife, Ella.

"Just how do you kill a chicken?" I asked Blanche, more interested in how she'd describe it than in the process itself. We were down in the basement now, viewing her work area.

"I put a string tied in a slip knot around the feet, hang 'em upside down, cut off their heads with a sharp knife, and run like the dickens 'til they stop jerkin'," she said, covering her head with her apron and dashing around the cellar to dramatize her account.

As we came upstairs, Blanche said, "I want you to try a quail's egg." In the center of some of the deviled eggs prepared for the coming picnic were what looked like miniature, peeled, hardboiled eggs, and around the dish of deviled egg filling were a number more of the tiny ovals. "Just dip one in the filling," she urged. I gulped, picked one up, added a generous scoop of filling, popped it into my mouth and gulped again. I'd eaten a quail's egg!

Blanche's touch is as effective with animals and children as it is with plants and fowl. "Go see Blanche, she'll know what to do," is the magic sentence uttered among the children around the lakes. From pulling out fish hooks to nursing a bird with an injured wing, Blanche seems to have the answers to life's minor calamities.

She was born Blanche Hersey in Norway, Maine, in the old Charles Stevens homestead across the street from the public swimming area at Pennesseewassee. She met the man who was to become her husband at a dance in the old dance hall down

by the lake. Although he was from Massachusetts, he made it his business to come to Maine often enough to pursue and win Blanche and take her off to Connecticut. One blessed event brought them back to Maine—Blanche wanted to be home when their first child was born. Blanche now has five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. One of her sons, Bill, lives with his wife, Ella, year-round on the lake near her. Her other son, Ben, owns Button's Buckskins in Oxford, with his wife, Doris.

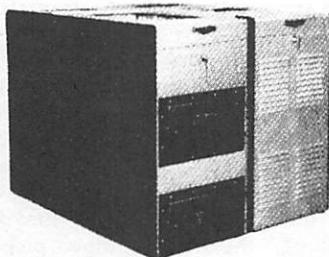
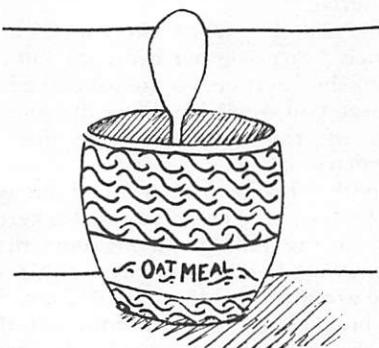
The 1979 North Waterford World's Fair program was dedicated to her husband, Bill, who was active in the administration of the fair for a number of years. He was also postmaster in North Waterford for 32 years and Blanche helped him tend the post office. She also worked side by side with him in the building of "The Ranch" and assisted in constructing the other cottages around the point for the purpose of renting. She's as adept at carpentry, plumbing, and ham radio operating as she is at rug-making and farming.

Before I left, Blanche showed me the maxim hanging on her bedroom wall. It reads, "Everything I have, I have for a

purpose."

"A friend made that for me," Blanche says. "Years ago he asked me why I raised chickens. 'For a purpose,' I told him. 'I get up and tend 'em twice a day, winter and summer. I could be just as lazy as anybody, but if I have 'em out there, then I have to tend 'em, so they're there for a purpose.'" □

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# Folk Tales



*J. B. Emery's Rawleigh wagon and mule team with which he distributed goods until 1927  
(when he bought a Chevrolet roadster)*

## A MODERN-DAY YANKEE PEDDLER

What would pioneer families have done without the yankee peddler? Those who left the settled communities to carve out a life in the wilderness frontier were able to carry very little with them as they made their way across rugged terrain by foot, or, if they were lucky, by packhorse. Hardy as they were, they would never have progressed as fast as they did had it not been for the peddler man. With his wagon loaded with needles, pins, scissors, combs, brushes of all sizes, tableware and yard goods, the peddler brought a touch of civilization to the isolated existence of the early settlers.

Although progress has all but eliminated the door-to-door salesman, a modern-day version of the yankee peddler does exist. At 81, J. Berton Emery of Peru has spent the past 59 years keeping the peddler tradition alive.

It was 1920 when Emery began his Rawleigh product deliveries, using a trusty mule team to cart vitamins, spices,

ointments, medicines, cleaning products, and other household goods to homes throughout Oxford County. Beginning at West Paris, Emery quickly established a regular route by introducing people to his products and promising to refund their money if they weren't satisfied. Not many people made returns. The name Rawleigh turned out to be good and reliable.

For nearly a decade Emery used mules to make his regular rounds because the animals were tougher than horses and more dependable. He hitched them to a factory-built medicine wagon which had doors that slid open to reveal articles on sale. In winter, a panel was placed across the front of the wagon with holes for the reigns. Winters were sometimes brutal for a traveling peddler in an unheated wagon, but Emery never let a little snowstorm stop him from his daily rounds.

Once he got to know his customers, the congenial Emery found many were willing to

take him in for the night. In all, he had 15 overnight stops back then, after which he arranged to return home on a Friday night. It was a busy life, but one he enjoyed. And, although the pace has slowed a little now, he has no intention of quitting just yet.

In fact, a short time ago, Rawleigh initiated a contest among dealers offering anyone producing a 30% increase in sales a gold watch. Emery won. There was a time when Berton sold the most Rawleigh products in the entire United States and Canada during part of a year. At 81, he is

now Rawleigh's oldest dealer.

Emery is quick to point out that Rawleigh is the only company he has ever sold for and he is proud of the products he sells.

Although he has begun to feel the gas pinch like everybody else, he continues to visit his 2,500 customers at least every other month. In many instances, he is selling now to the grandchildren of his original customers. People have come to know Berton as a friend and trust him as one who would not steer them wrong.

When Emery retired his mules in 1927, he bought himself a Chevrolet roadster and began using a snowmobile in the winter (which he designed himself long before snowmobiles were the rage). He is up at 5 a.m. each day and, when at home and if the weather permits, he works in his garden until breakfast at 7 a.m. He eats the same thing each day—oatmeal and prunes. Four nights a week he plays dominoes with his wife, playing seven games each time. "It helps keep my mind alert," he says.

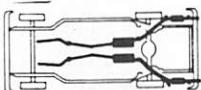
The same things that attracted the original yankee peddlers to their rounds keep Berton Emery making his. He likes being his own boss. He enjoys travelling and meeting new people, seeing new scenery, being in the out-of-doors. Each business call turns into a social visit. His customers become his friends.

Despite the changing times, Emery maintains that there's no business around that offers any better potential than the one he has been engaged in for nearly 60 years.

"It's a good life," he says. And he has a t-shirt to prove it. □

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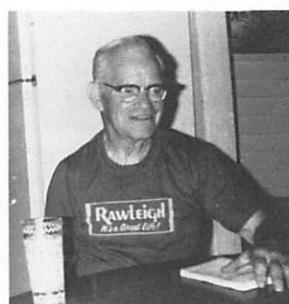
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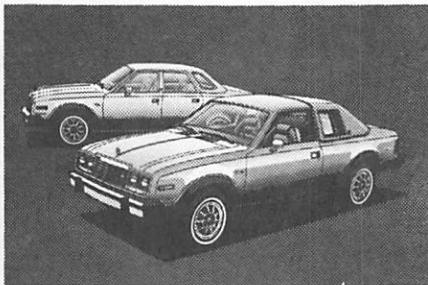
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## PEDDLER PAGE

AVAILABLE: Free space to list your items for sale, to buy, or trade. Simply write to BitterSweet, RFD, Box 24, Buckfield, Me. 04220 each month.

### BRAINTEASER XVI

Following Christmas gift-giving, a man found that he had two shirts, four ties, and three pairs of socks. On reflection, he decided that he didn't really want to wear the blue tie with the green shirt. But, with that exception, any other combination of shirt, tie, and socks was quite acceptable. How many different combinations of garments was he left with?

(Answer next month.) If you can solve this puzzler, send your answer to BitterSweet, RFD, Box 24, Buckfield, Me. 04220. The earliest postmarked *correct* answer will win a free subscription.

### Answer to December Brainteaser

It took eleven journeys for Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who each weighed 160 lbs., and their two sons, who each weighed 80 lbs., to cross to an island in a rowboat which held 160 lbs. maximum.

First the two sons crossed, then one came back. Then Mr. Smith crossed and the second son returned. Then both sons crossed again and one came back. Next, Mrs. Smith went over and the second son came back. Again, both sons went over—and finally, one came back for the picnic basket.

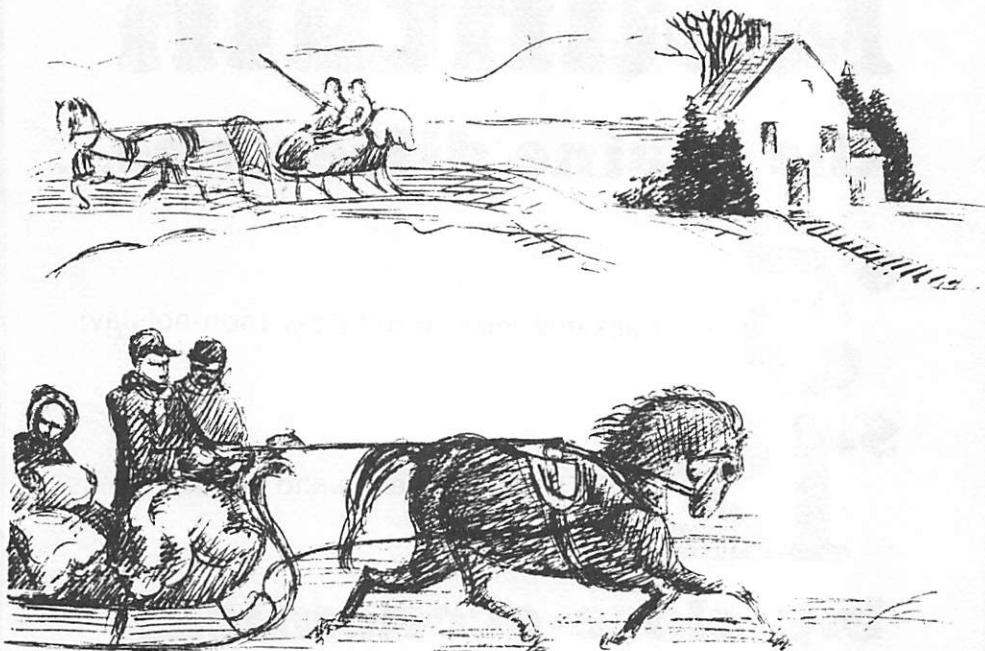
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# Winter Tour: A Guide to Maine's Hills and Lakes Region



The winter recreational and sightseeing activities offered by the state's western hills and lakes region are overwhelming. Lakes like Thompson, Pennesseewassee, Highland, and Keoka offer great fishing and skating. The winter's (usually) abundant snowfall makes for great snowmobiling, snowshoeing and skiing. Scenic and historic points of interest abound, winter or summer.

This guide in no way claims to be an extensive inventory of the area's winter activities. It is meant only as a sometimes subjective, always enthusiastic look at all the area has to offer. It should serve as a jumping-off place for getting out and exploring what's around. Next year, we'd like to include readers' suggestions for particular points of interest. Please send them along.

The **Scavenger Hunt**, run in conjunction with the tour is meant to add a little levity to the proceedings. We hope you'll frequent our advertisers in your travels and we chose items for the hunt to encourage that patronage. But we've kept the cost of things low.

The first person to assemble all six items on the list and deliver them to the magazine's home office in Buckfield on Saturday, January 5 (after 9 a.m.) will win an expense-paid weekend at The Bethel Inn, one of the best ways we can think of to while away the winter.

# Pleasant Mountain

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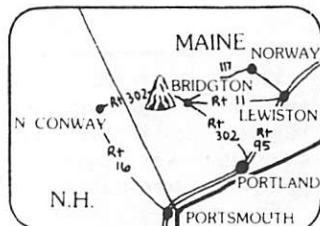
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**\*Pleasant Mountain  
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Starting a tour of BitterSweet's Hills and Lakes Region at Norway-South Paris means that all your options lie within an hour's ride or less. If it's skiing you're after, you may want to head a short distance to Auburn's Lost Valley area, perhaps for some night skiing at one of the area's family-style ski spots. The first place in Maine to begin making artificial snow (in 1961), Lost Valley now boasts some of the best bet skiing anywhere. Although modest in size, the mountain is meticulously groomed and its protected valley location makes it possible to ski at night and not freeze. It serves as the base of operation for the state's largest ski school, with an average 2000 people enrolling annually in the adult and junior Learn-to-Ski programs. Nearly 100 instructors participate in the school, which is held daily at 10 a.m., 1:30 p.m., and 7 p.m.

Besides well-groomed trails well-suited to instruction, the mountain offers a ski shop, snack bar, lodge and cocktail lounge, rental shop and locker facilities. Two double chair lifts service the mountain's eight trails and two open slopes, which offer challenging beginning-to-intermediate skiing. All trails are lighted. If you do ski Lost Valley, save your cancelled lift ticket. It can be Item #1 on our Scavenger Hunt.

On your way back to Norway-South Paris, swing by the Robinson Manufacturing Mill End Store in Oxford for a good buy on wool remnants,

Books for your Winter Activities:  
"Building Snowshoes" with full-size  
patterns for 4 snowshoe styles; and  
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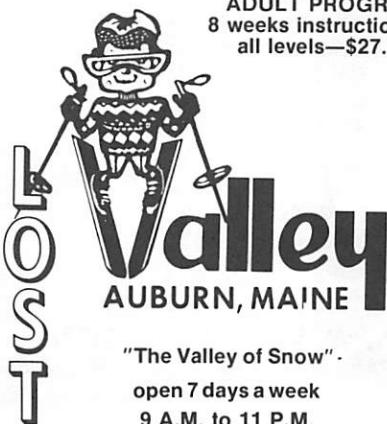
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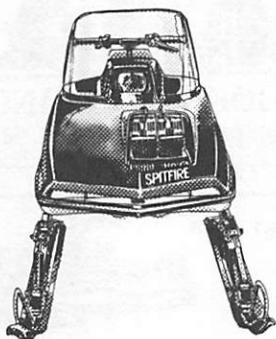
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among other things. A low cost piece of wool will make a nifty blanket for next to nothing.

While there, you might want to try some ice fishing on Thompson Lake, where it's possible, in a good year, to catch a batch of salmon or lake trout.

There's also fishing on Norway's Pennessee-wassee, but about all you'll find there is brown trout. While you're fishing, maybe the kids would like to try some ice skating over in South Paris at the recreational skating rink near the town garage just off Rt. 26.

A stop at Paris Manufacturing Co. on Western Avenue in South Paris is possible for special groups if arranged in advance through Hank Morton. It's a chance to see how the world-famous sleds and toboggans are made.

Anyone who hasn't had a look at Pari Hill's historical homes in winter ought to; and while you're there, take time to browse at Winni Drag's antique book shop located in the shed of her home on Main Street, kitty-corner across from the old Baptist Church on the green. She has an intriguing selection of old books on display and for sale.

If you're in the mood you might want to try a sauna, that age-old Finnish technique for cleansing both the body and soul, at Dave's Sauna located at the base of Paris Hill. Purported to be a cure for everything from blackheads and wrinkles to backaches and sinus problems, the sauna bath

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has long been noted for its tension-dispelling effects, which some claim can actually fend off diseases.

You'll want to have a meal at one of the local restaurants featured in our dining and lodging section (page 28) and, as the second item in our Scavenger Hunt, save a sample of your dessert to prove to us that you were there. Just to keep you honest, have a waitress sign a napkin and include that with your dessert sample.

Sensational snowmobiling and cross-country skiing surround Norway-South Paris, but if you prefer your recreation in a more structured environment, then a side trip northwest to Evergreen Valley in East Stoneham is well worth the effort. Because Evergreen Valley is a bit off the beaten track, the resort has done its best to establish itself as a destination area—meaning once you get there, there's hardly ever any reason to move. You'll find 25 miles of cross country trails, and a network of well-groomed snowmobile trails leading from Evergreen all the way to Evans Notch. Night skiing is available at the mountain, where 12 downhill trails are serviced by three double chairlifts, so there's rarely a line. Hold onto your cancelled ticket for item #1 on our Scavenger Hunt. You can buy almost any ski need at the Ski-10 Sports Shop on the premises, ice skate, horseback ride in the snow and cook out on the trail, even roller skate and do your laundry in a new laundromat just finished on the first floor of

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the inn. There are outdoor barbeques, sleigh rides, and downhill citizens' races.

At the stunning base lodge you can relax with friends in the fireside pub, take another sauna, enjoy dinner at "The Edelweiss," and take in some live entertainment, providing it's a weekend. There is a babysitting service offered seven days a week at reasonable rates, should you need it.

The resort now has its own fulltime recreation director to coordinate the myriad activities. If you really get hooked, you might want to reserve the Alpine Goathouse, a picturesque mountain cabin once inhabited by an eccentric German fellow named Wilhelm, for yourself and your party.

On your way to or from Evergreen, you ought to take a minute out and swing through Waterford, just a short trek off Route 5, and one of the most picturesque villages in all of Maine with its many stately white clapboard homes, its many lakes and rolling hills. Blanche Button of North Waterford and her assorted animals (see page 10) would be glad to see you. Stop in and say hi.

From Waterford, it's an easy trip southwest to Bridgton.

There you'll find that Bridgton's Easy Riders Snowmobile Club has cleared and marked an extensive series of trails (See map, next page). While you're getting ready to take off, put aside a snowmobile spark plug as item #3 in our Scavenger Hunt. There is good ice fishing for togue at Moose Pond (save some bait for the hunt's item #4). But this is Pleasant Mountain country and skiing, both cross country and downhill, as well as Pleasant Mountain's famed brand of freestyle definitely deserves top billing.

The mountain, located on Rt. 302 in Bridgton, has a vertical drop of 1,256 ft., and 20 miles of slopes and trails serviced by three chairlifts and three T-bars. It's the big-time without a lot of unnecessary frills, and is one of the oldest ski areas in New England. Attempts to recruit the commuter business have paid off, thanks partly to the area's close proximity to Portland and other parts of Cumberland County, and partly because of reasonable rates of \$5 for a ticket during the week and \$12 on weekends.



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This year trails have been widened and the base lodge, which includes cafeterias, ski shop, bar and lounge and sandwich shop, is heated by wood. Although the mountain is primarily an intermediate's mountain with a smattering of expert trails, skiing is serious business. Both racing and freestyle programs are sponsored and four national freestyle champions have hailed from Pleasant Mountain in the past five years. (Save your ticket for item #1 in the Scavenger Hunt.)

When you're finished skiing, frequent one of the area's fine dining or lodging spots (and pick up a dessert for item #2). Afterwards, maybe you'll want to take in a movie at The Magic Lantern Theatre on Main Street, Bridgton—notable for its on- and off-screen offerings.

Take along some candy from Don's Candy Corner, located on Rt. 117, two miles south of Bridgton, where old-fashioned treats like chocolates and barks (and even dietetic candy) are painstakingly prepared right at home. If you're lucky, you'll catch the candy maker at work.

If you decide to travel north from Norway-Paris to Bethel, you'll want to be on the lookout for the magnificent ice formations on the cliffs at Snow's Falls, just outside of South Paris on Rt. 26. The land across from the cliffs is now a picnic area and even in winter its view is spectacular. This is the place where hunters named Snow and Stinchfield were supposedly attacked by hostile Indians. It is also the stomping grounds of the Indian Princess Moll Ockett.

Up the road is Perham's Maine Mineral Store and a stop here would be an easy way to acquaint yourself with the area's rich mineral offerings since it's unlikely that you'll be doing much rock-hounding of your own at this time of year. Perham's has a large selection of semi-precious



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**SNOWMOBILE TRAIL MAP  
BRIDGTON AREA**

**BRIDGTON EASY RIDERS**

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PL

gems and crystals on sale and display, some of which are found only in the Oxford Hills.

Just before you reach Bryant Pond, there's a chance for an interesting side trip off Rt. 26 toward Andover on Rt. 5—to Akers Ski, those nordic specialists who have been around since the days when cross country skiing was in the category of "grin and bear it." A small, family-run business, Akers is the L. L. Bean of the cross country skiing set. Besides an extensive selection of stock, including racing gear, a snow thermometer to find snow temperature before selecting waxes, road skis, and books on virtually all aspects of the sport, Akers also operates the Andover Ski Touring Center (see map).

Either here or at some other ski shop along the way, pick up a package of violet wax for the Scavenger Hunt's item #5.

About six miles of marked, maintained trails lead from the showroom and travel across forested land through the rolling foothills of the White Mountains. The trails ascend to about 300 feet in spots, offering spectacular views of the picturesque village and the nearby COMSAT earth satellite station, used to relay information via satellite. Telstar, as the station is known, was the first of its kind in the world and was constructed in 1962 in the tiny farming town of Andover because of the area's remoteness and location about mid-way between the equator and the North Pole. It's worth a visit.

When you get back to Bryant Pond you may want to stop at the lovely African Violet House located on the main road and run by the Cliffords.

Further north on Rt. 26 at Locke Mills you'll find more great family skiing at Mt. Abram, the nonsense mountain with a flair for doing the right things at the right time. Run by the conscientious Cross Brothers, Mt. Abram has established a fine reputation for well-tended trails and reasonably-priced skiing. A few years ago when the area's weekday trade was hurting, the Crosses dropped the cost of weekday tickets drastically and began to draw the crowds. When the slope's summer shut-down assumed real problem proportions, a mono-rail to lure summer business was opened.

The mountain has a 1,035 ft. vertical drop, more than a dozen downhill trails service by a double chair and T-bar, some cross-country skiing and a full-service cafeteria in a camp-like base lodge, where everyone feels welcomed. Don't forget to save your cancelled lift ticket for the Scavenger Hunt. And Jordan's Restaurant, at the foot of the mountain road, would be a likely place to find a dessert.



For over twenty years Mt. Abram has been cooperating with nature to provide some of the Northeast's finest skiing...

## Naturally!

We started preparing for the '79 - '80 season last summer cutting brush, mowing and preparing the slopes. Over the years we've moved some rocks, added drainage, grown some ground cover, even altered the grades in spots. At Mt. Abram it takes just 6" of snow for beginners and experts to have their kind of skiing top to bottom.

## Naturally!

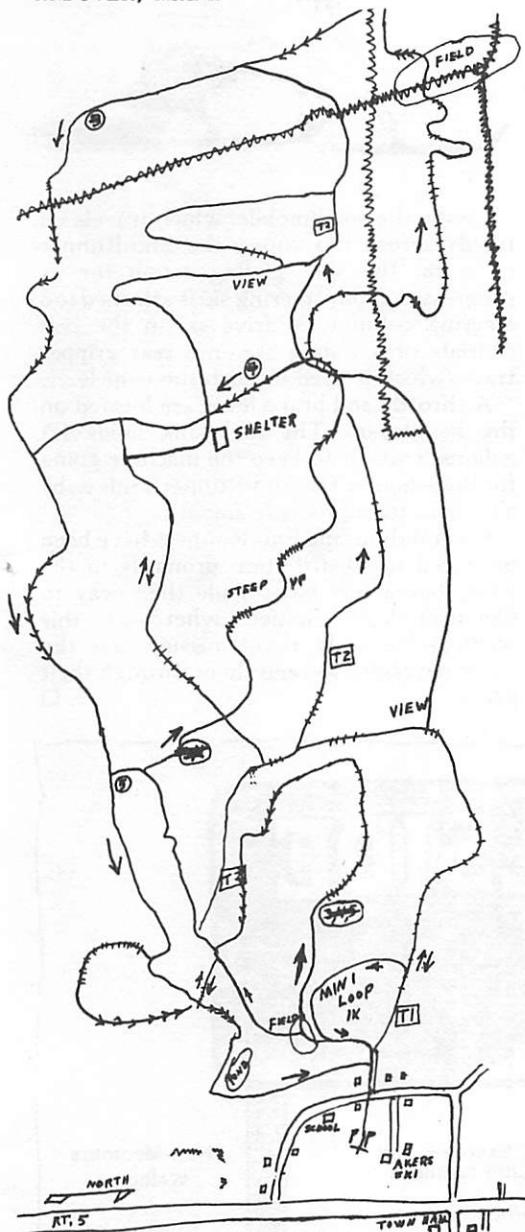
There's no stopping once the snow is down. Our snow cats are constantly prowling—pushing, pulling, packing, providing natural snow so meticulously groomed that we've become famous for it.

Naturally, we'd like you to ski us. We're confident that you'll join the legion of knowledgeable Maine skiers who know why Mt. Abram is known as Maine's Unforgettable Mountain.

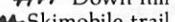
**mtabram**

Route 26 - Locke Mill, Maine 04255  
207/875-2601

X-C SKI TRAILS  
ANDOVER, MAINE



X-C SKI TRAILS, ANDOVER, MAINE  
KEY

Start-Finish  Road  
Up hill  Down hill   
Fence  Skimobile trail   
One way traffic 

PERHAM'S  
Maine Mineral Store  
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Special Designs  
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For Less!**



CARTER'S SNOW & CYCLE CENTER

Snowmobile & Cycle Repair  
Rt. 26 - Oxford, Maine - 539-9675  
(1 mile south of Oxford Plains Speedway)

QUALITY  
EQUIPMENT  
REASONABLE  
PRICES

Nordic  
Specialists  
for many years.



**AKERS SKI**

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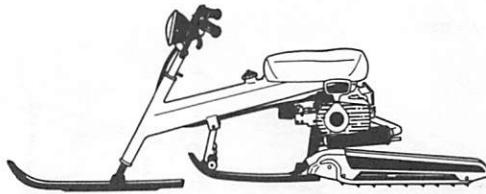


## A SIT-DOWN SKI

For the budget-minded snowmobiler and tuckered-out cross country skier comes an alternative to high prices and hard work in winter fun—the Sno-Runner, a sleek, sturdy little moped on skis that will zip you across snowy terrain for about a third of what it could cost you to purchase a snowmobile and for a lot less effort than on a pair of cross country skis.

The brainchild of a 34-year old midwestern engineer who spent a decade researching the design, the Sno-Runner is an ingenious engineering feat combining maneuverability and responsiveness with a quiet engine and good gas mileage.

It is essentially a motorized set of skis, the dream of every Sunday skier who has ever found himself five miles from home and losing steam. Attached to the ski and motor apparatus is a set of handlebars and a cushioned seat. The Sno-Runner has a top speed of 30 m.p.h. and gets about 70 miles per gallon. It is no noisier than the average lawn mower. It weighs only 72 pounds and is easily put into the trunk of your car and just as easily pulled from a snowbank. Small, but sturdy, it is capable of carrying a 200-lb. load.



Unlike the snowmobile, which travels on treads across the snow, the Sno-Runner relies on the skis' gliding action for its progress. A front steering ski is attached to a steering column. A drive ski in the rear consists of a sliding ski on a rear gripper track, which is used to push the vehicle.

A throttle and brake lever are located on the handlebars. The fuel tank holds 1.3 gallons, enough to keep the machine going for three hours. The Sno-Runner's ride is, by all accounts, surprisingly smooth.

Several thousand Sno-Runners have been produced for distribution primarily in the west, but a few have made their way to Dennison's in Bethel, where—at this writing—the only thing missing was the snow necessary to send them through their paces. □

# HILLSIDE RACQUETBALL HEALTH CLUB

### Hours:

M. & W. 6-10 p.m.  
Th. & F. 6-11 p.m.  
Sat. 8-11 p.m.  
Sun. 8-10 p.m.

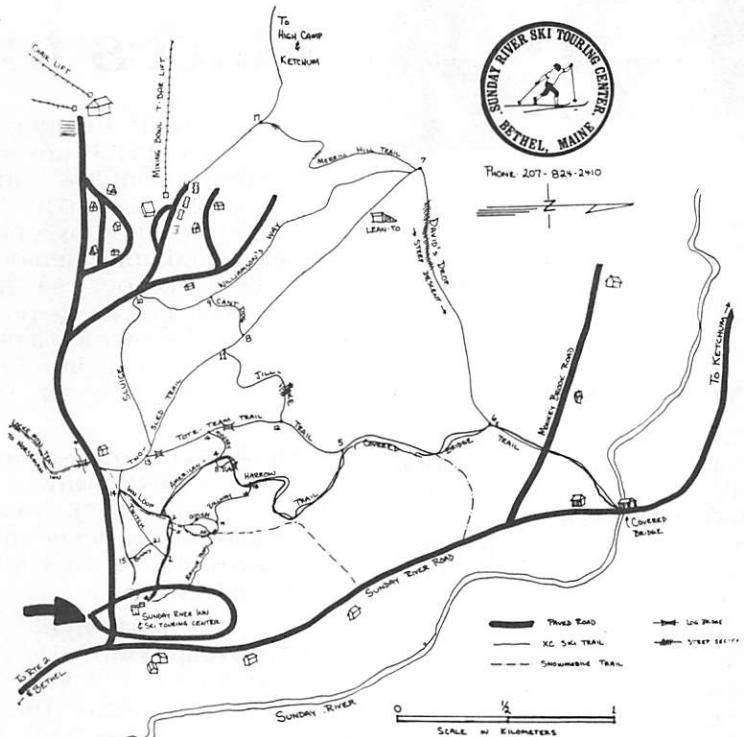
### Competition, Exercise, and Complete Club Facilities

Six racquetball/handball courts  
Complete Pro Shop • Equipment Rentals  
Men's & Women's Complete Locker Rooms  
Saunas • Whirlpools • Exercise Room  
Lounge with Beverages & Light Lunches

Rt. 26 - one mile north of  
Market Square - South Paris, Maine  
207/743-5133

### Non-Members Welcome

Supervised  
Children's Play  
Room (while  
parents play)



## SUNDAY RIVER INN & SKI TOURING CENTER

BETHEL, MAINE 04217

For information call (207) 824-2410

Further north is Sunday River, where skiing starts earlier than any place around thanks to snow-making machinery and when the mountain is worth it. With a vertical drop of 1,500 ft., Sunday River is the highest of the area's mountains. But there is still excellent skiing available for the novice and skiers of all abilities.

Purchased in 1972 by the owners of Vermont's Killington Resort, Sunday River has seen a burst of activity of late. New novice areas and a cafeteria have been added this year, along with another lift and additional snowmaking equipment. Personnel maintain that they're more interested in well-groomed slopes than indoor pools and efforts have been aimed so far at strictly ski-related activities.

To further enhance its serious image, the mountain has offered ski camps early in the year. (Remember your cancelled lift ticket.)

The area's woodsy feeling and unspoiled nature is also apparent at the Sunday River Ski Touring Center, operated out of The Sunday River Inn. (See map.) Twenty-five miles of well-marked inter-connecting loops lead through the foothills of the Mahoosuc Mountain Range for a true wilderness experience. The old logging roads that lace the woodlands make ideal trails. Sights of interest along the way include the historic artist's covered bridge, so named because it has been sketched so often.



While in the vicinity of one of Western Maine's most spectacular ski areas, sample some local dining and lodging:

### Pleasant Mountain Area

#### The Colonial Restaurant

Rt. 302 in Bridgton. (Tel. 647-2547.) Family steak and seafood restaurant, featuring homemade Thoups (Thick Soups), deli sandwiches, Happy Hour Specials and Skiers' Breakfast. Dinner \$5.95 - \$10.00.

#### Bridgton Point Restaurant

76 Main Street, just west of Bridgton on 302—a stone's throw from Pleasant Mountain. Open 8:30 a.m. - 8 p.m., Mon.-Sat. Famous for country-style breakfast, homecooked meals and pastries. Daily dinner specials under \$4.00.

#### Laurel Lea Motel and Restaurant

Rt. 302, 5 miles east of the access road to Pleasant Mountain, catering to special groups this winter. (Tel. 647-2440.) Reasonable rates. Sandwiches available in lounge. Donwhill, cross country skiing, and snowmobiling nearby.

#### Punkin' Valley Inn

Rt. 302, half a mile west of Pleasant Mountain, Bridgton. (Tel. 647-2652.) Closed Tuesdays. Dinners \$4.50 - \$10.50. Special Thursday night buffet. Entertainment Saturday nights.

### Evergreen Valley Area

#### The Waterford Inne

East Waterford. (Tel. 583-4037.) Enjoy the season from the outside in or from the Inne-side out, with country dining, family-style. Reservations required. Open daily. Dinner \$9.50.

# Places to Eat

#### The Bellringer

Main St., Rte. 117, Harrison. (Tel. 583-4576.) Closed Mondays. Lunch 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Dinner 6 - 8 p.m.; 'til 10 p.m. Friday and Saturday. Family-style restaurant featuring seafood, steaks, roast beef. Dinner \$4.75 - \$7.95. Snowmobile trail leads practically to the door and snowmobilers are made most welcome. Children's menu and special senior citizen's 10 percent discount.

#### Melder's German-American Restaurant

Rt. 5, North Lovell. Closed Mon. Sauerbraten, Wiener Schnitzel along with unusual sandwiches and homemade soups.

#### Westways

Rt. 5, Lovell, about a mile south of the road to Evergreen Valley, on the shores of Lake Kezar. (Tel. 928-2663.) Closed for dinner guests Tues. and Weds. Regional country cuisine and elegantly-appointed guest rooms overlooking magnificent Kezar Lake. Relaxed atmosphere. Dinner \$10 - \$14 complete. Reservations necessary (before 2 p.m.)

### Mt. Abram Area

#### Bean's

6 Main Street, Market Square, South Paris. (Tel. 743-6493.) Open 6 a.m. - 8 p.m. Closed Sun. Friendly hometown atmosphere with extensive mealtime offerings. Homemade soups and chowder, desserts, muffins and breads. Good hot vegetables and tasty after-dinner mints, courtesy of the house. Dinners \$2.75 - \$7.95. Take-out available.

#### Chef's Table

29 Lower Main Street on Rt. 26, Norway. (Tel. 743-8342.) Open daily at 11 a.m. until 9 p.m.; Fri. and Sat. until 12 p.m. Twenty-percent off all lunch or dinner meals if you arrive by snowmobile. Marked trail ends at the door. Also 20% discount to senior citizens.

# and Sleep

## Colonial Coffee Shop

Downtown Norway. Open Mon. Thurs. 5 a.m. - 5 p.m.; Fri. til 8 p.m.; Sat. til 3 p.m. Oldtime diner atmosphere offering sandwiches and daily plate specials in \$1 - \$3 range. Homemade pastries like German yeast bread and chocolate chip cookies.

## Mollyockett Motel

Rt. 26, West Paris, fifteen minutes from Mt. Abram. (Tel. 674-2345.) 18 units, 3 housekeeping units available at moderate rates and in special weekly packages. Snowmobiling available. Indoor pool with hydrotherapy whirlpool and saunas. Individual and group pool memberships. Group pool parties welcomed. Dining facilities close by.

## Jordan's Restaurant

Rt. 26, Locke Mills. (Tel. 875-3515.) Open 8 a.m. - 9 p.m. Closed Wednesday. Authentic Maine country diner at the foot of the road leading to Mt. Abram with daily specials like veal cutlet and liver-and-onions for \$2.25. Homemade bread and pastries. Dinner \$2.25 - \$10. Take out service. Open New Year's Eve and New Year's Day.

## Sunday River Area

### Mother's Restaurant

Main St., Bethel. (Tel. 824-2589.) Cozy pub-like atmosphere in the midst of an authentically restored gingerbread house features deli sandwiches, soups, salads, crepes, quiche—all in the \$1.75 - \$5 range. Also specializing in hot cocktails. Dining takes place in either the library, game room, or parlor with a spiral staircase leading to a fourth upstairs room, added to accommodate the holiday crowd. Open 7 days a week—weekdays at 4 p.m., weekends at 3 p.m.

### L'Auberge

Mill Hill Rd., Bethel, across from the Bethel Inn. (Tel 824-2774.) A converted carriage barn offering two comfortably

furnished dormitories with baths and well-rounded menu of home-cooked fare served buffet style. Within walking distance of downtown Bethel and only six miles from Mt. Abram, eight miles from Sunday River. Christmas and New Year's Eve menu specials.

## Bethel Spa Restaurant

Main Street, Bethel. (Tel. 824-2810.) A prime location in the center of Bethel, offering family dining at reasonable prices. Daily luncheon specials. Homemade soups. Beer, wine, cocktails, special salad bar.

## Bethel Spa Motel

Main Street, Bethel. (Tel. 824-2989.) 10 rooms in heart of Bethel Village. Color t.v., air conditioning. Single room \$12.50; double from \$15. A short distance from skiing at Sunday River and Mt. Abram. Restaurant next door offers family-style dining with a full line of sandwiches and meals including choice Western Sirloin. Very generous servings.

## Charlie's Place

Main St., Bethel. (Tel. 824-2732.) Located squarely in the midst of the scenic village known world-wide (via Gould Academy and NTL) for great pizzas. Featuring daily specials of Submarine and Italian sandwiches, milk shakes, ice cream, cold drinks. Pinball, Juke box, pool table. Calling ahead advised.

## The New Yorker Motel

Rt. 2, Bethel. (Tel. 824-2960.) Colonial style with 10 motel units, centrally located between Mt. Abram and Sunday River skiing. Cross-country skiing on premises. One mile from downtown Bethel.

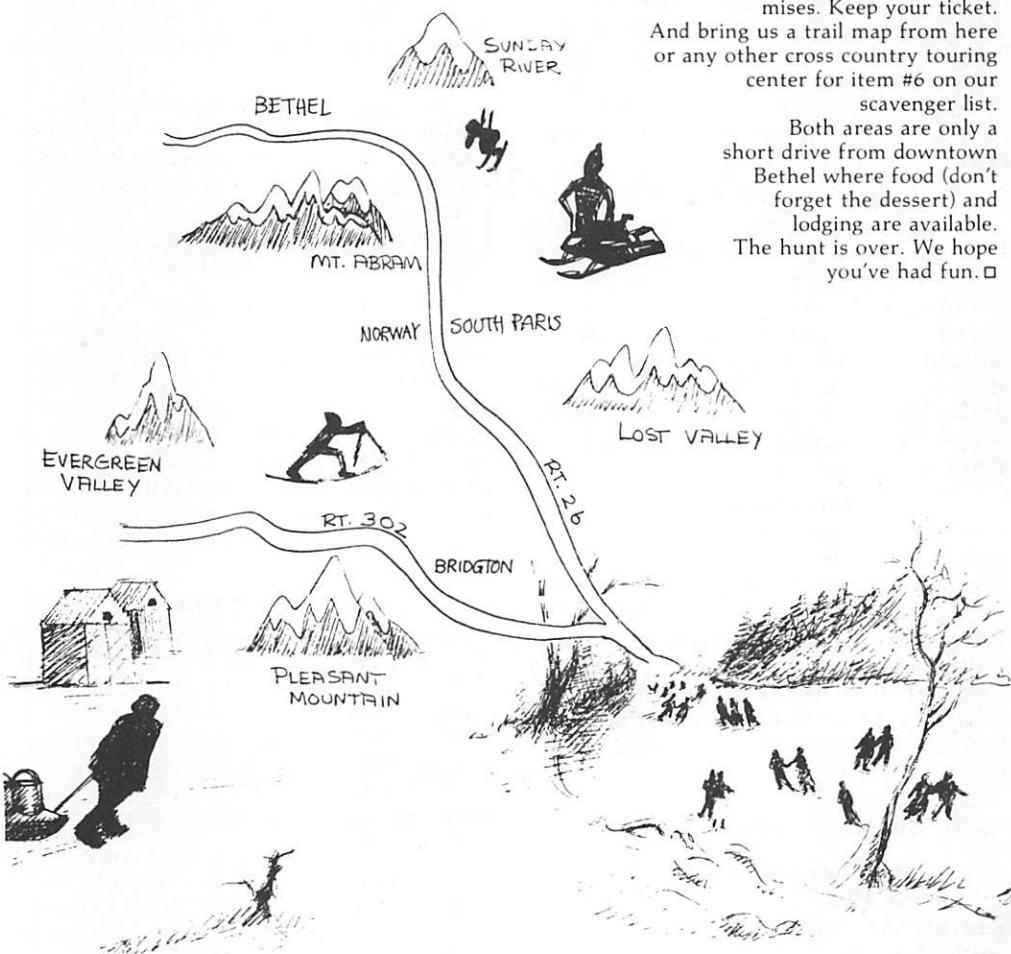
## The Bethel Inn

Bethel. (Tel. 824-2175.) 65 guest rooms in colonial decor, all with private baths in one of New England's most elegant inns. Formal dining room. Downstairs lounge. Live entertainment, dancing, Tues. - Sat. Cross country ski touring center with rentals and instruction. Weekday rates start at \$24 single, \$19/double. Weekends at \$39/single and \$29/double.

Races are held every weekend and in February and March there are registered citizen's races, capped on April Fool's Day by a grande finale matching skiing, canoeing, and snowshoeing prowess in the "Pole, Paddle and Paw."

Rental equipment is available at the center, along with the trail maps, advice on waxing and tour planning, and ski repair. A waxing room and coffee bar is also on the premises. Keep your ticket. And bring us a trail map from here or any other cross country touring center for item #6 on our scavenger list.

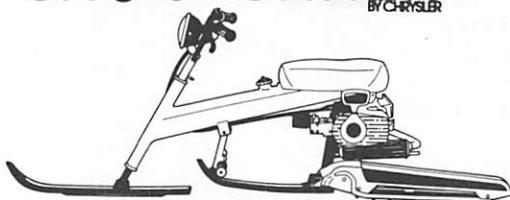
Both areas are only a short drive from downtown Bethel where food (don't forget the dessert) and lodging are available. The hunt is over. We hope you've had fun. □



#### INTRODUCING THE EXCITING NEW WINTER FUN MACHINE:

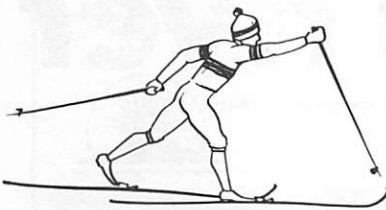
**SNO-RUNNER**  
BY CHRYSLER

low cost  
fuel-saving  
portable  
simple-to-operate



lightweight  
rugged  
versatile  
powerful

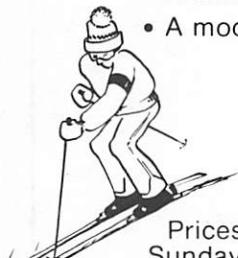
**DENISON'S** MAIN STREET - BETHEL - 824-3344



## A Complete Weekend of Lodging, Great Food and Skiing for \$39 per person.

Impossible! But that \$39\* is per person and includes:

- Lodging for Friday and Saturday nights in our charming guest rooms, all with private baths.
- Two full dinners with a wide selection of delicious entrees.
- Two complete breakfasts.
- Cross country skiing on 15 miles of our own trails right out the back door.
- Live entertainment for dancing in our new Downstairs lounge, bar and piano bar.
- The comforts of our living room, music room, all with their own fireplaces and all at the disposal of our guests.
- A complete game room for the youngsters.
- A modern sauna.



And if you're  
interested in downhill skiing,  
Mt. Abram and Sunday River  
are only ten minutes from the Inn.

Prices for all of the above including two days of skiing at Sunday River start at only \$56 per person, double occupancy.

So make your plans now to make the Bethel Inn your ski headquarters this winter. Cross country or downhill, weekends or weekdays, you can't beat the quality and value offered by one of New England's finest year-round resorts.

*The*  
**Bethel Inn**  
*&*  
**Country Club**

BETHEL, MAINE 04217  
(207) 824-2175

\*Full weekend rates start at \$39 per person, double occupancy, not including 5% Maine sales tax and gratuities. Single room rates higher. Weekday and Holiday week super-value packages also available.

# Sunday river

A Killington Managed Resort



Where  
else  
can you  
get a  
mountain  
like this . . .



- Top to Bottom Snowmaking
- 3 Mile Long Novice Trail
- 5 Lifts - 16 Trails
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Prices like  
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Midweek Lift  
Ticket

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For our free color brochure, lodging and reservation information, call (207) 824-2187 or write Sunday River, 265 Sunday River Rd., Bethel, Maine 04217.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# Recollections

## Steamboat on the Saco

by Raymond Cotton

In 1874 Isaac Emery of Portland and Ephriam Sanborn of Denmark, Maine, erected a large saw mill on the westerly or Hiram side of the Saco River at Great Falls.

The raising was held on July 4th and was said to be a truly gala occasion.

The dam did not span the river. It was a spur of stone which projected into the stream at an angle which deflected water into the "penstock" of the water wheel. A similar system was used in 1914 to furnish electricity for the construction of the present dam.

Although the mill was equipped to saw long lumber for the building trade, it was also equipped to saw shooks for barrel staves. In a short time two cooper shops were erected where oak barrels for the West Indies rum and molasses trade were made. At this time, Emery and Sanborn employed twenty-five or thirty hands.

A large boarding house was built to accommodate the employees in addition to several one-family houses. The Oxford County Atlas of 1878 contains a map of the area, showing one saw mill, two cooper shops and fifteen other houses nearby.

This settlement became known as Hiram Falls as distinguished from Hiram Bridge which was across the river from Hatches Corner (now known as East Hiram).

In a short time the supply of good oak bolts was exhausted in the immediate area. However, in the Boston Hills of Denmark, oak grew in great profusion. But the Boston Hills lay over ten miles up the Saco and no suitable access roads existed at that time.

However, Emery and Sanborn found a solution to the problem. They purchased a canal boat for "next to nothing" from the near-bankrupt Portland-Sebago Canal Company. Loaded on a flat car at Sebago Lake Station, it was hauled to Hiram via the Portland and Ogdensburg Rail Road and then pulled by many teams of horses to a landing place in front of the Mt. Cutler House at Hiram Bridge.

A steam boiler and engine, paddle wheels and rudder were installed. On the Fourth of July, *The Laura-Eva* was launched. (In later

years, after the boat's demise, the name became distorted and was often pronounced as the "Lauriebber.") When a good head of steam had been raised, the boat started up stream with "a great load of people" in hopes of travelling to the inlet of Lovewell's Pond in Fryeburg. But before members of the party reached Brownfield, their plans were foiled by low water and sand bars and they were forced to return to Hiram Bridge.

As soon as the fall rains gave sufficient water, Emery and Sanborn began to haul eight cord loads of oak bolts from a landing in Boston Hills to the mouth of the Barnes Brook near the head of Hiram Falls. From there ox teams hauled the wood to the mill.

Increased water level of the Saco spelled trouble for the *Laura-Eva*. When the water was high, the boat's smoke stack was too tall to pass under Hiram Bridge. But Yankee ingenuity soon came to the rescue. Someone contrived a hinge in the funnel of the stack which enabled it to be tipped over when approaching the bridge. Operation of the boat then continued until mid-July when low water shut things down.

Earlier in the year, crew members developed the habit of tying up for their lunch hour at Daniel Sloper's landing, since the cider in Sloper's cellar was getting good. Riverside residents came to say that they could tell how big a "nooning" the crew had by the wild and reckless way the whistle blew as *The Laura-Eva* passed downstream.

*The Laura-Eva* eventually outlived its usefulness, was stripped of its machinery and moored for several years at the mouth of the Barnes Brook where it had once discharged so many loads of timber. Then it too was swept away by a spring freshet.

The mill and the village were soon forgotten but the memory of the *Laura-Eva* lingered on for many years. For a long time, when the winter winds howled in the chimney flues and made weird screeching sounds around the cornices of the homes near the river, mothers would say to their young children: "Hark! Old Isaac is blowing his whistle!" □

Cotton is the Hiram postmaster.

# Goings On

## DRAMA

*THE BELLE OF AMHERST*: The heart, thoughts, and dreams of Emily Dickinson, directed by Lewis Alesio; Science Lecture Hall, Hebron Academy, Jan. 11-13. Call 966-2611 or 674-2956 for reservations and information.

## MOVIES

*THE MAGIC LANTERN: And Justice For All*, starring Al Pacino & Jack Warden, Jan. 2 - 5; rated R; 7:30 shows. Admission \$2.75 adults; \$1.75 children. Tues. & Weds. bargain nights; all seats \$1.50. *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, Jan. 2-5; Special Show at 9:61. Bridgton. Call 647-5033 for details on the rest of the month.

## LPL & APL

**CONCORD STRING QUARTET**: playing Beethoven, Bates Chapel, Lewiston, Jan. 6, 8 p.m. Free Admission.

**FILM: Bread and Chocolate** (Italian) at a new location: Twin Cinema, Promenade Mall, Lewiston, Jan. 13, 2:15 p.m. Admisison \$1.50. Not rated.

**JOEL PRESS REVOLUTIONARY JAZZ ENSEMBLE**: sponsored by Lewiston-Auburn Rotary Club; Children's Concert Jan. 16, Lewiston Public Library Children's Room, 3:30 p.m. Free Admission; Performance at Rotary Club Meeting, Jan. 17, Steckino's, 12 noon; Center School

Auditorium, Academy St., Auburn, Jan. 18, 2 p.m. Admission \$2.00 Adults, \$1.00 students at the door.

**FILM: Picnic at Hanging Rock**, a mystery, Twin Cinema, Promenade Mall, Lewiston, Jan. 27, 2:15 p.m. \$1.50.

**BRUCE McMILLAN**: Meet the author at Auburn Public Library Children's Room Jan. 30, 3 p.m.; Lewiston Public Library Children's Room, Jan. 31, 3:30 p.m.

## ETC.

**GREENWOOD HISTORICAL SOCIETY**: Meets the first Weds. of every month, Locke Mills Town Hall, 7:30 p.m.

**Y.M.C.A. WINTER PROGRAMS**: Basketball, Aquacises, Swimming Lessons, Stamp Club, Singles Club, Fitness Exercises, and more. Phone 743-7184 for more information on programs starting in January.

**FARE SHARE CO-OP STORE**: New hours: Thurs. 1 - 6; Fri. 1 - 6; Sat. 10 - 5. A member-run natural food store. Visitors welcome. 62 High Street, South Paris, Maine (across from the park).

## FREE LISTINGS

**BitterSweet** offers this space for free listings of the events of your organization, church or school. Please send information to RFD, Box 24, Buckfield, Me. 04220, Attn. Nancy Marcotte at least a month prior to publication date for each month.

### THE MAINE POTATOES - BY BRITT WOLFE



# Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

## THANKS TO PAT

Help comes from the strangest of places. Awaiting inspiration face full to the sun, one is most often struck a glancing blow from a more humble, unsuspected source. Such was the case with my smoking and my inability to give it up. Eleven years ago today it was that help arrived.

To begin ones' life as a doctor in a large medical center is at once both exciting and frightening. One approaches internship as in a canoe edging toward a maelstrom. The anticipated chaos exceeds all imagination. Whirled about by the forces of illness and emergency, one wishes for calmer waters, and forgets just how placid they once were. The first day of internship, July One, is deceptively calm. Nameless dignitaries smile and welcome, their words falling in pieces.

"You are a select group... This year will be your most unforgettable one... In our teaching program you are the focus of patient care, all orders will go through you, no one else, not the patient's private doctor, not the chief of medicine, may write orders on your patients... Turn to your resident for help... Get consults often... Savor the front line of medicine... Good luck to all of you."

Not one of us eighteen new interns charged out to fight disease. Each of us harbored the same thought, each convinced that he alone held the fear: "What if I kill somebody?"

Such was the beauty, after all, of this teaching program. The new intern, certain he was alone, forced to think, to be exact, to guard against mistakes, was unknowingly watched like a one-year-old taking his first step.

"Hi. I'm the new intern."

"Apparently," said X-3's head nurse. "Doctor's office is next door down."

I swung the door open to an empty room. Desk-chairs scattered in reckless abandon,

journals thrown everywhere, empty coffee cups and full ashtrays, and the stale aroma of tobacco and coffee recalled an old adage tossed to me by a cleaning lady in medical school: "Doctors is pigs."

I lit a Marlboro, poured a cup of coffee, and was suddenly burst in upon by a charging bear. Wiesner, a mixture of police sergeant and grizzly, my resident and immediate supervisor, grunted, squeezed my hand, bummed a cigarette and, squinting out the window, began:

"X-3's got forty beds. They're all full. Fred and I divided up the patients last night. You and I got twenty-one. He and the other 'tern have the rest. Let's go around."

"Mrs. Washington's got P.A. I know it, she knows it, we all know it, but the heme boys want a bone marrow. That's Mrs. Franklin; she's psychotic, but there are no beds on R-wing... Mrs. Roosevelt has CHF... over there, we call her Betty Boo, senile dementia, nobody knows her last name... Charlene here, hi, honey, Charlene's got acute glomerulo... The renal fellow wants to do a kidney biopsy... if you see him snooping around, let me know and I'll ram that biopsy needle up his ass... Viola here used to be a junkie, but you aren't any more, are you, honey... She's getting over hepatitis..."

And so it went. A confusing array of twenty-one indigent patients, all women, most of them black, few with any family caring what happened to them.

"You have a medical clinic up here one afternoon a week... Your day is Wednesday, otherwise you belong up here with your patients... And, today is Wednesday."

Medical clinic. The interns hated it for the time it took from ward work. Medical clinic. The university's answer to poverty before the era of Medicaid. Medical clinic. Twelve patients scheduled every fifteen minutes in an afternoon, each patient with a medical record the size of *War and Peace*, none of whom took their medicines properly. For many of them, this visit to their doctor was the social event of the month. And it was there, at the time of my last appointment on the first day, that Walter Patterson, panhandler, part-time window dresser, fisherman, and philosopher, walked into my life.

"Hi, Mr. Patterson... I'll be your new doctor."

"Well, they gave me a doctor that smokes. Good, good. Dr. Kornberg was death on

cigarettes."

"I guess," I said weakly, "we all have our vices."

"Well, I come in every month or so to refill my prescriptions, but really just to talk, mostly. Dr. Kornberg liked a good fishing story."

"I like to fish."

"Is that right, boy? You ever been down to Oatka Creek? You know where the old dam is past Scottsville? The bank's undercut on the farside, and the browns are thick as thieves . . ."

"Where they hell have you been?" Wiesner asked. "Talking to a patient?! You don't talk to them—you just write out their 'scripts.' You missed sign-out rounds. You've got two admissions. And you're presenting Charlene to Wild Bill tomorrow."

Wild Bill smiled thinly.

"We don't have smoking on Professor's rounds, LaCombe. While you're putting that out, start the history, and we'll go to the bedside. I prefer the case presented at the bedside."

"This is the first SMH admission for this seventeen-year-old girl . . ."

We charged down to x-ray, part of the hospital's double-time atmosphere.

"You didn't do too badly," Wiesner was saying, "but don't smoke in front of Wild Bill again, nor in front of Large Larry either. After we look at the films, you take a look at the admission in the ER, then page me."

"Yes, hi, Don—you got X-3's films?"

"Could we see a chest film on Walter Patterson from the medical clinic?" I asked.

"Is he yours?" Dr. Sun spun around. "Quite a case."

He tossed the film up on the viewbox. "Big bronchogenic sitting under the aortic arch . . . Here, you can see it better in the lateral."

Wiesner was looking at me. I was biting down hard.

"The saving grace, if there is one," Dr. Sun went on, "is that when that eats through the aorta, he's dead in a hurry."

"Do I tell him, Paul?"

"If he asks," Wiesner said, "you tell him. Never lie to your patients. In fact, never lie." Paul still had some of the seminary in him.

"Do I tell him, Bob?"

"Geez, I don't know," Hamill answered. "I

guess I'd want to know."

"Yeah, but he's such a happy-go-lucky guy, a . . . you known, a free spirit. I hate to change that."

"I guess he has a right to know," Bob said. "Besides, you're really all he's got. He's got to be able to trust you."

"Do I tell him, Dr. Morgan?"

"Of course you tell him," Wild Bill answered.

"How are you, Mr. Patterson?"

"Listen, bot, I've been coming here for four months . . . My friends call me Pat . . . you call me Pat. What'd the x-rays show, boy?"

He never minced around.

"Lung cancer," I murmured.

Pat's hard face changed. All the lines softened. He nodded. I was trying hard not to cry. His voice softened as well.

"I guess it won't do any good to stop smoking now."

"No."

Silence. I looked at him. His jaw, his temples were working. Then the spark returned to his eyes. He slammed his foot down, pumped my hand, and said, "Thanks, boy. Thanks for telling me. The bastards will pay me in advance now."

"What do you mean?"

"Window dressing, boy. This is my big season. Sibley's. McCurdy's, they'll have to pay in advance for this year's Christmas work."

I ventured a laugh. He chuckled. We erupted. He banged on the table, overjoyed at the ace he held. The clinic nurse looked in to see if we were all right.

The weeks went by. Pat came to the clinic once a week, to talk mostly.

"How're you doing, Pat?"

"I feel the same, boy. I'm ready. Unlike Frost, I've kept all my promises. One thing bothers me, though. I don't like the thought of lying there dead in my apartment and nobody finding me."

"Tell you what. I'll give you a buzz every night before I leave the hospital . . . just to see how you are."

"That's be nice, boy. That's be nice."

"Pat . . . uh, how are you holding up?"

"You mean with the death sentence staring at me? I've had a good life, boy. Not as long as most, but better than most. I'm in demand every Christmas for my window

dressing. I've gotten to love poetry. And there isn't a brown trout anywhere I couldn't catch. I guess if I had it to do over again, I'd fish more, yeah, fish more, and I'd worry about things less, and speak my feelings more, like how I feel about you, and, boy . . . (was the pause calculated for effect?) . . . I wouldn't smoke."

Each night I'd call, it would ring once, and Pat would say, "I'm fine, boy. Thanks."

"Honey, we'll be late for the movie."

"Let me just try Pat once more."

He's probably working late at Sibley's, I thought, please, God, let him be working late at Sibley's, please, God, not yet, please, God.

"Morning, Bob."

"Hi, Mike. Wiesner's looking for you."

Paul was in x-ray. He turned, put his hand on my shoulder, and squeezed hard, very hard.

"Pat's dead," he said.

Dr. Lacombe, a member of Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group in Norway, is on the Stephens Memorial Hospital Health Education Board.

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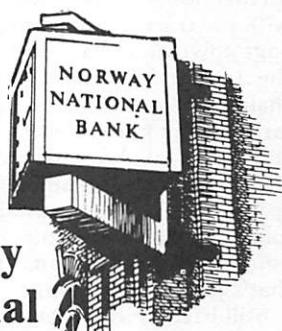
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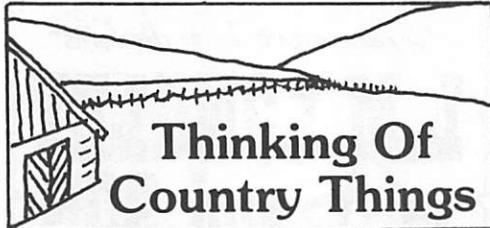
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## Thinking Of Country Things

### BARELY ESCAPING, 1979

The story is my father's, but having given credit, I expect I can borrow it without asking. It goes—

A young boy was given a diary and a B.B. gun for his birthday. The record in his diary for the first week reads: Monday—rained. Tuesday—rained. Wednesday—rained. Thursday—rained. Friday—rained. Saturday—rained. Sunday—shot Grandmother.

I've been writing a kind of retrospective diary of the 1979 farm year. It's a vent for pent-up feelings, much like the incident recorded on Sunday in the story.

**May.** Ground thawed well and dried sufficiently by mid-month for plowing. I turned over a half-acre in the sandy back field. Rained. Rained. The rain gauge recorded over 5 inches in a period of six consecutive days. Went out to check the back field and discovered that the loose sand had absorbed water like a dry sponge. Stepped out onto the soil to get a better idea and barely escaped with my boots.

**June.** managed to harrow upper portion of back field and plant spuds and some beans for dried. Daily attempts are made to harrow further down on the piece and I barely escape with my tractor. Frequently the disc harrow bogs down and I have to unhitch, maneuver the tractor onto hard ground, and run a chain back to the harrow to horse it out. So far I haven't mired the tractor. A tractor isn't stuck until you have to shut it off, get down, and go fetch some planks and a long-handled spade. You can churn around all day on the John Deere, getting nowhere and making bottomless ruts, but that isn't being stuck, that's just maneuvering.

Still battling the back field, I've gotten to the point that the chains aren't long enough now to reach the stranded harrow. I eke the length out by cutting poles and linking them in. Soon the nearby slopes will be deforested and I'll have to deal with mudslides. I comfort myself: if I can get it across the brook, it'll be

my winter's wood.

Now dry, cool, and windy. Frost on June 24th! That nips but does not kill, and some of the plants would probably have preferred to call it quits. I barely escape with my tomatoes and peppers.

**July.** Chilly nights and cool days. I'm working the first shift at the sawmill now and when we shut down around 6 a.m. for the first sharpening of the saw, we have to pull on jackets. Cold fog hangs thick and the man at the tail of the mill (myself) peers toward the edgerman who peers at the sawyer who peers at the log.

Planting's mostly done, though I sneak in some green beans for second crop. The hard-corn for the hens spikes up to six inches and then just stands there, hill upon hill, on strike for better growing conditions. They come, after a fashion. We have days upon days of tropical air: very warm, awfully humid, rather rainy. Rain? Not again. Grandmothers of Maine, watch out.

I haven't recorded the continual losses that the farm experiences, many of them attributable to weather. Lost ninety percent of my onion sets to onion root maggot in the cool wet of late May and June. Other farmers lose quantities of corn to the corn seed maggot, but I've foreseen for once and treated my seed. Everyone has bad woodchuck problems—I lose 400 lettuce seedlings to the varmints, and I guess woodchucks will get worse. I think trapping fox and fisher cats should be banned, since fox and fisher are the primary controls of woodchucks now that dogs are leashed.

Potato beetles make a very early appearance and increase at a rate only exceeded by the price of hardware and the rise in the national debt. I'm a reluctant user of chemicals and when I planted fewer potatoes, I used to pick beetles and slugs off and drop them into a can of water topped with a quarter-inch of kerosene. No longer. I enter the fray with dust and spray. Not much luck. I seriously consider using a flame thrower and barely escape with my potatoes.

**August.** Since this is a diary in retrospect, I can say at the outset that August is an unusual month, for we experience 22 days of precipitation—a record. So the diary reads rain and more rain.

In all this wet, the well-adapted flourish—slugs abound; fungus diseases lash in all directions and settle in the tomatoes for the sopping duration; and a slime of green algae

appears on the soil surface. Cultivating is pointless. To cultivate is merely to dislodge weeds and plant them closer to vegetables.

As I've said before, a wet year will starve a farmer. About now I notice occasional clumps of people grimly slogging along the gumbo of our dirt road, headed toward Rte. 117, bearing such belongings as they can carry. reading the signs, I investigate the market for watercress.

August winds down with no sign of an end to the rain. I anchor the barn and caulk the floor of the house to make it shipshape. All this is urged on by a strange incident. While Pat played the piano one rainy August morning, a school of nervous minnows swan in one door and then out the other, singing, Pat swears it, "Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head."

**September.** Certain types of manic-depressive personalities fall into a peculiar alternate-day cycle where, sure as tides and taxes, one day is happy and the next day sad, and this September seems to have developed that affliction. It rains, clears, and then rains again.

This is not too bad for planning picnics but it fouls up the bean harvest, since the beans never properly dry out. The ground surface has remained moist for so long—since early in July—that where bean-pods touch soil the pods rot; or, in some instances, the beans contained therein actually start to sprout. I'm possessed by a troubled vision of a half-acre of bean sprouts. Were they Mung beans, perhaps I could get on the phone to Hong Kong, but sprouted soldiers? Sprouted Jacob's Cattle?

For obvious reasons, Pat and I leave for a camping trip in the White Mountains. It doesn't rain. We return on a Sunday morning and the rain begins. To hell with grandmother, I may assault the rain-gauge.

**October.** Hastily, the beans are pulled and stacked on poles between wet spells. I note, morosely, that the tops of some of the bean piles have started to sprout. If I ever find a market for sprouted Soldiers, they'll be all baled and set to go. Would they ferment? Could I extract alcohol to fuel the tractor?

October, it snows. The weather maiden who reads the forecast over the radio had prophesied showers by late in the day. It is early in the morning and I can see snow falling between me and Streaked Mountain. Later I slog out through slush and mud to photograph my bean stacks in the snow.

Would the weather-maiden like a copy? Is there a market for this sort of thing?

The beans are all pulled and stacked. But can we haul them home to barn, or will the truck spin helplessly in the clay grease that lies in the alder bottom between the house and the back field? The truck spins helplessly, covering itself with mud, not glory. I haul it and beans, deadweight, up to the barn behind the John Deere. Harvest home.

**November.** Jobs are planned according to what has to be completed before ground freeze-up and what before snowfall. This is fine in theory, but when it keeps raining, one finally takes up projects that really were intended for winter. I put a ceiling into the shop. I don't get to mulch all of the strawberries with pine needles because the pines are across the brook and the greasy alder bottom. Strange things are happening to the cats. At first it seemed they'd develop webs between their toes, but that wasn't necessary for the mice left the grass ground, just as starving farmers were departing their homesteads, to take up residence in house, barn, and woodshed. The cats quickly wised up to this. One of them established herself upstairs in the barn where beans are stored and threshed. I found her there the other day, fat and dazed, sleeping on a mouse-skin throw rug.

**December.** The ground finally froze, or more or less. Instead of rain we got snow, just as the weather-maiden predicted. I turned the rain gauge upside down, so it won't fill, and then freeze and shatter, I told myself. The farming end of things is over until spring. And I barely escaped with my sanity. □

*Meader is a farmer and writer who lives in Buckfield with his wife, Pat.*

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# Homemade

## FINNISH COFFEE BREAK

by Nancy Marcotte

The Finns who settled in America during the last century and the early 1900's were driven from their Scandinavian birthplace by Russian domination and starvation. The northern United States seemed an hospitable and home-like atmosphere in which to begin farms and raise families.

Many of the hardy and industrious farmers and fishermen who came to this part of Maine formed communities with other Finns. They found in this state's rock-filled fields and forests a climate that was natural to them. They kept among themselves their church, their language, and many of their customs—one of the most delightful of which is the coffee table.

In Finland (once again more prosperous), coffee is served on any and all occasions. It is a part of the morning "ritual" and essential for entertaining, especially in the cold days of a long northern winter. After a sauna, after church, on all celebration days, after skiing, and even after funerals, the *kahvi* table is always set—with spicy cookies, sweet cakes, yeast breads, and salty treats. It would be considered as unthinkable for a guest not to sample all the offerings on the table as for a host not to offer a cup of coffee to a visitor.

The "first course" of the coffee break is the moist, rich yeast coffee bread known as *pulla*. Traditionally braided into long loaves, it can also be formed into wreaths and other shapes for celebrations. This recipe came from Edla Tamlander, through her daughter, Helen Heath of Norway.

### Pulla

1 pint scalded milk	1 1/2 cups sugar
1/4 cup butter	1 tsp. salt
4 beaten eggs	1/2 tsp. ground cardamon
2 yeastcakes, dissolved in	seed
1/4 cup lukewarm water	Enough flour to make a soft dough

Combine the scalded milk, butter, sugar, and salt; cool to lukewarm. Add yeast mixture, beaten eggs, cardamon, and approximately 1 cup of flour; beat with a spoon. Let rise until doubled. Then add enough flour to make a very soft dough (probably 5 - 7 cups). Knead until smooth and satiny. Place in a buttered bowl, cover with cloth and let rise again until doubled in bulk. Turn out onto a board and shape into two braids. Place on greased pans and let double in bulk again. Then brush with sugar-water and bake in a moderate oven (350°), brushing once or twice more while baking. When cool, frost with a very thin white icing. (This dough can also be used to make cinnamon rolls.)

Mrs. Heath says the best flavor comes from cardamon seeds that you have freshly ground yourself. Just put them in a paper bag and crush them with a rolling pin.

We have a similar recipe attributed to Mrs. Helen Haavisto of Maple Ridge, Harrison, who called her coffee cake *nisu* and recommended a glaze of 1 cup confectioner's sugar, 1/4 cup hot water, and lemon juice to flavor; or else 1 cup sugar, 1/4 cup strong coffee, and a small pat of butter.

### Kermakakku (Pound Cake)

1 cup chilled whipping cream	2 eggs
1 tsp. vanilla	1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
1 cup sugar	2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt	

Heat oven to 350°. Beat cream in a chilled bowl until stiff. Beat eggs and vanilla until light and fluffy and fold into whipped cream. Mix together the remaining ingredients and fold into the cream-and-egg mixture. The cake maybe baked in a greased bundt pan or a two-layer cake pan, for 45 minutes to an hour (or until the cake pulls away from the side of the pan). Cool in pan 10 minutes; invert onto a wire rack and cool completely. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

### Almond Cookies

1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened	1/4 cup sugar
1/2 tsp. almond extract	1 egg
1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour	dash salt

Beat butter, 1/4 cup sugar, 1 egg, the almond extract, and salt until light and fluffy. Stir in enough flour to make dough easy to handle (1 1/2 to 1 3/4 cups). Knead until smooth. Heat oven to 375°. Shape dough into long strands, 1/2 inch thick. Cut strand into 2 1/2 inch lengths and dip into a mixture of:

1 egg, beaten	sugar
---------------	-------

and then into 1/4 cup finely chopped toasted almonds. Arrange in shapes on greased baking sheets (the traditional shape is the form of an "s"). Bake until golden, about 8 minutes. Cool on wire racks.



And, finally, the coffee itself—the Finnish national drink. Drunk many times during the day, good Finnish coffee is never boiled but taken off the heat as soon as it reaches the boiling point.

### Kahvi

8 cups cold water      1 egg, well-washed  
16 slightly rounded teaspoons of coffee (plus 1 for the pot)

While waiting for the cold water to boil, crush the egg (shell and all) in a small bowl with the dry coffee grounds and mix thoroughly. When the water has come to a rolling boil, add the egg-coffee mixture. Let it come just to the boiling point, and then remove from the heat. Repeat this twice more, then cover and let stand about 5 minutes so the grounds will settle. The egg clears the coffee, which, we are assured, is not as strong as most American brewed coffee. (Makes 8 cups.)

Now, if you can serve the coffee in a copper coffee pot, and set your table with fine hand-woven linens, you will have an elegant traditional Finnish cold-weather treat. But even if you cannot set such a lavish table, the coffee and baked goods will be just as rewarding on a January day.

Some recipes were gratefully received by us from Karen Pulkkinen Williams. See the February issue for more Finnish recipes, including whole grain breads and a Valentine cheesecake. □

## ILLOGICAL IDEOLOGY

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# The Home Front



## PASSIVE SOLAR: PAST AND PRESENT

by Sandy Wilhelm

The northern side of the sprawling two-story structure is mostly boards while its expansive southern side sports sets of enormous floor-to-ceiling bay windows which serve as attractive solar collectors. Massive brick chimneys act as heat storage areas. The sloping roofs of the rambling porches lining the building help with solar control, shielding the hot sun in summer, but welcoming the winter's warmth. Even the stately maple trees which flank the circular drive at the front of the house have been planted to make the most of the sun. In the summer the leaves of the trees shade the home's forward living area; but in winter, when the trees are bare, the sunlight finds its way straight indoors.

Modern passive solar homes which make use of the sun's heat through proper placement of glass make a lot of sense in today's search for heating alternatives to high-priced oil. But, as it happens, the

elegant Cooper home on Bridgton Highlands was designed and built nearly 100 years ago, long before the term "passive solar" was in vogue. There is, as the saying goes, nothing new under the sun.

"Back then, people knew about living with the elements," says George Cooper, affable proprietor of The Sun Barrel, an alternative energy store in Bridgton.

An engineer by trade, Cooper is a keen admirer of the common sense approach to building and design evident in his 1880's Victorian home.

"The place was built to make sense," he says.

Hallways line the darkly-lit northern portion of the house. The brightly-lit living room and dining room areas have a southern exposure. Three brick fireplaces, situated in the living room, dining room, and master bedroom, add heat by absorbing the sun's warmth during the day. When the house was

first in use, the fireplaces would have held fires only as needed once the sun went down. And, although it's true that a fireplace is not as efficient a source of heat as a wood stove, it was right for the times, according to Cooper.

"All people wanted was to heat the particular area they were in at the time," he explains. Since folks were willing to scale down their living quarters during cold weather and to light a fire in each room as they moved to it, heat from the fires didn't have to last. In the absence of indoor plumbing, frozen pipes were not a worry. Originally, only the kitchen area of the Cooper home was provided with a wood stove for a fire that would last the night since the kitchen was the room used first in the day. When indoor plumbing was eventually added, it was installed above the kitchen so that the stove could do double duty.

Somehow, says Cooper, the good sense evidenced in homes like the one he and his wife bought 12 years ago has gotten lost in the construction of the past 50 years. With fuel plentiful and people less in touch with their surroundings, little attention was paid to how efficiently a home was heated. Bay windows disappeared. The eaves, porches, and low-sloped roofs so necessary to solar control were no longer utilized. But they are staging a comeback now. And Cooper has carried them one step further.

Last spring, Cooper installed a passive solar hot water system on the roof of the shed adjoining the house. The *suntime* system is the brainchild of Cooper and Roger French of Jackson, New Hampshire, who came up with the entirely new system design. Since the weakest elements in conventional solar hot water systems have been the pump



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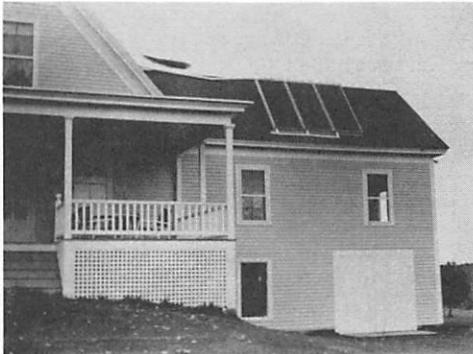
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needed to control heat transfer and the maximum temperature shut-off control, both components have been eliminated in the *suntime*. Instead of antifreeze solutions or water, the *suntime* uses Freon (developed and trademarked by DuPont Corp.) as a heat transfer fluid. Freon vapor heats the hot water.

Besides the Freon, the system is comprised of 3' x 7' solar collectors made of low iron tempered glass with a black chrome surface; stainless steel hot water tank; heat exchanger; and copper tubing. Simply stated, the sun heats the collectors, boiling the Freon until the vapor pressure has raised the boiling point above the temperature of the water in the storage tank. At this point, the Freon vapor condenses in the heat exchanger in the storage tank, giving up the latent heat of vaporization to the stored water. The Freon is again in liquid rather than vapor form and flows back to the collector.

If hot water is drawn, cold water enters the storage tank, lowers the system's temperature, and the cycle automatically reactivates.



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Cooper installed his *suntime* last spring and is pleased with the way it's operating. Each of the three panels he has placed on the shed roof is good for 25 gallons of water a day. He has an 80-gallon tank. During the summer, his hot water was on direct solar. And, during this winter, he expects the water coming from his well at 45 degrees to be easily heated to about 90 degrees by the system, even on cloudy days, leaving the furnace to finish the job of raising the temperature the final 60-or-so degrees. But, with about half the average home fuel bill going for hot water, even supplemental solar heating of the water would represent a substantial savings, says Cooper.

There is no doubt in Cooper's mind that the sun will play an important part in people's energy of the future—just as it did in the day-to-day lives of the original inhabitants of his home 99 years ago.

"We'd gotten pretty far away from the sensible thinking that prevailed in the 1880's," says Cooper. "Now we're coming to realize that old isn't necessarily bad."

With people like George Cooper in the wings, old isn't only good, it gets better all the time. □

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Then, you'll want to look at what it's costing you now to get the job done. The price of oil is obviously the big factor here. The cost is high and it's getting higher. With a solar hot water heating system offering an estimated 2/3 savings on a hot water bill, we expect a payback period on the initial \$2,000 investment of between three and eight years. With a solar space heating system, which costs in the neighborhood of \$10,000-\$15,000, the payback period would be much longer, probably from six to twelve years. Both payback estimates figure an annual increase in the cost of oil of about 10%.

Anyone considering going solar should also remember that if a solar system is installed on a home, it adds to the home's value, the same as a new or remodeled room would do. Its addition is creating value to the house the same as any home repair. So, with that in mind, it's possible to offset the expense of installation when figuring cost effectiveness and worry only about the interest owed on a loan taken out to finance the operation. The amount of money used to

pay the interest on the loan ought to be equal to or less than the amount previously spent on oil. If it is, the installation makes sense.

To get the issue down to a bare bones basis that people can understand, I like to tell them to take the money they're now spending on oil and put it in a jar. Then, go ahead and borrow the funds needed to install a solar heating system (money on which banks are giving a two percent interest break, incidentally). Each month, take the money from the energy jar to pay for the loan. You ought to end up with money left over.

People's hesitancy about taking on the expense of installing solar heating systems is a lot like the misgivings they used to have about buying a home of their own rather than renting. They were willing to let money go down the drain on renting rather than borrow the money needed to buy their own place. That's now seen as poor money management. In the same way, if people continue to buy oil, it's money up the stack. But if they buy a solar heating system, sure they have to pay for the system, but they have an investment. And, on top of that, the energy that the system provides is absolutely free. Now, that's efficiency. □



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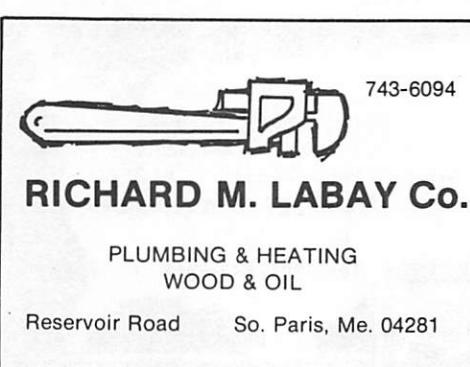
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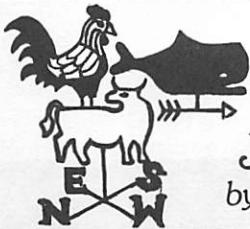
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2 Jay's  
Journal  
by Jay Burns

January is the beginning of a new year and the beginning of the long climb toward longer and warmer days. But January is rarely warmer than December. Why is that?

Even though the days are longer in January, Canada (the source of our cold air) is snow-covered, and thus becomes a "cold machine." The heat that is radiated to earth during the day is quickly reflected back to space by the white snow or lost during the long night by radiational cooling. (Radiational cooling is just a fancy term for when the earth loses heat during the nighttime hours.)

But how does all this cold air from the barren regions of central Canada make its way to the humble surroundings of the hills and lakes region? This is an important question and the answer helps explain why we have both mild spells and cold spells.

High pressure systems carry cold masses of air in the winter. Since winter highs tend to avoid the moisture of open water, they have two possible tracks when they reach the open waters of the Great Lakes. They can either take the shorter route north of the Lakes, or the roundabout path south. When the high takes the direct path from western Manitoba to Maine the air associated with the system has no time to be warmed. We get Arctic air. When the Northeast is blasted by this air mass, we call it the "Montreal Express."

But if a high pressure system decides to take its air mass along the southern route through the Dakotas, southeastward along the middle Mississippi Valley and northeastward up along the Ohio River Valley, the story is completely different.

After raking the Midwest with biting cold, the air is gradually warmed as it moves over Kentucky, Tennessee and the Virginias. By the time the air mass reaches us, its effects have been dulled considerably, only giving the hills and lakes region a taste of normal to above-normal temperatures.

The mention of above normal

temperatures sparks the memory of that long-awaited January feature—the January thaw. Studies have indicated that the thaw is a reality and usually occurs between January 20th and the 26th. I have conducted a little local research and my findings are that a second and more minor rise in temperature is noted between January 7th and 10th. I have found that, of five thaws from 1973 to 1979, four were on the 20th to 26th period. Only two years out of seven were devoid of any thaw. As the reader can see, all my findings support the idea presented at the beginning of the column.

But now it is the end of the column and I have kindly spared the reader from any lengthy discussions on the cold, the blasting northeasters and the scary ice storms of the first month—January. We need some kind of moral support during the cruel midwinter and that support is usually the January thaw. One could say that, with the thaw, the saving grace of winter, the "Montreal Express" is temporarily derailed. □

*Burns, a junior at Oxford Hills High School, is a resident of Waterford, where he is a weather observer for WCSH-TV.*

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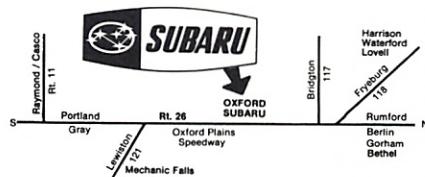


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